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Winter Roses.

(From Idler.)

Pale winter roses, the white ghosts
Of our June roses,
Last beauty that the old year boasts,
Ere his reign closes!

I gather you, as farewell gift
From parting lover,
For ere you fade, his moments swift
Will all be over.

Kind ghosts ye are, that trouble not,
Nor frighten, nor sadden,
But wake fond memories half-forgot,
And thoughts that gladden.

O changeless Past! I would the year
Left of lost hours
No ghosts that brought more shame or fear
Than these white flowers!

Jamestown, a Militant Birthday.

By REAR ADMIRAL P. F. HARRINGTON, U. S. N.

THE history of this country may be divided into two periods; the first extending from the permanent settlements of the English colonies to the close of the American Revolution, the second from the acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies to the present time. Comparing the conditions of the country at the beginning and at the end of the second period, and noting the expansion in area, population, agriculture, mining, transportation, commerce, education, art, science, invention, government, international relations and the settlement of principles and actions upon which human society is well and firmly constituted, we find a national development which has no parallel in the history of mankind. No other nation of ancient or modern times grew during a century and a quarter from birth to a maturity of principles and of power, of dominating influence upon all governments and people. Whatever of foreign evils we have imported through a practically unrestrained immigration, the laws of our national life, founded upon the best precepts of ages, have preserved and advanced the highest principles of human liberty. Whatever difficulties and failures we have met and yet endure, the people of the United States are to-day among the foremost in moral progress and in just aspirations for the future.

Yet the attainments of the nation had their genesis in that earlier period of Colonial life. At the times of the first permanent settlements of Virginia and Massachusetts, the people of England were representative of the highest type of civilization then existing. Through foreign wars and domestic controversies, through subversion of rights, through many wrongs and tyrannies, they had conceived certain rules of national existence, which, often broken and trampled upon by parties and monarchs, survived in the conscience and resolve of the people as the heritage, the very birth-right of freemen. Those high views were transmitted with the first colonies to the soil of our country. The Puritan never succumbed to oppression, never loosed his grasp upon those inalienable rights which come to man from God. The Cavalier was an

agent in the establishment of the beneficent rules of a free government. If we find among both types individuals who had no views except of self-advancement, it is equally true that they were dominated by men of character who were inspired by an earnest desire to promote the future good of their country and posterity, regardless of their personal interests or profits.

Among the men who settled at Jamestown on May 13, 1607, there were leaders of high conception of government, and in the colony of Jamestown were the first assertions of social and governmental principles which lie at the foundation of our national life. Some of the acts of that colony were the beginnings of our constitution.

The movement for the colonization of Virginia, following the treaty of peace between England and Spain, in 1605, was national in scope. It became one of the important factors in the politics of the period; not only in England and America, but in France, Spain and the Netherlands; not only in the contest then going on between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, but in the conflict between the Crown and the Commons. While the Plymouth colonists were Independents and those of the Massachusetts Bay settlements Non-conformists, they held the same Christian faith as those of Virginia. The emigrants to Jamestown, notwithstanding the presence of a few Roman Catholics, were not only distinctively Protestant but representative of a nation practically undivided in faith and united in the Church of England. The ministers of that church took an active part, from earnest interest, in the colonization of Virginia; and the sermons, state papers and records of the time show that the work of the church was the first important element of colonization and of subsequent influence and effect upon the government and institutions of the new land. The first charter began with the declaration of propagation of the Christian religion; and the objects of the expeditions under Gates and Delaware, stated in the letters patent, included, as the first, advancement of the Kingdom of God.

The work of the church was supplemented by the early institution in Virginia of the family. The practice of divorce, too frequent and unjustifiable, disrupting family ties, has not broken seriously the vast number of homes, wherein the family life makes the stability of this nation.

Good governors settled the proper relation of the colonists towards those in authority and a rightful intercourse among men; and, when venal rulers broke those established associations, protest and resistance followed. Had the government, proceeding from the Crown, fallen continuously into the hands of competent and good men and brought uniform good results, a representa-

tive system would have been long postponed. In 1619, there met at Jamestown the first legislative assembly of America. It consisted of twenty-two members, two each from eleven boroughs. One of the first acts of that assembly was to insist upon the principle of the Declaration of Rights of 1776, that no man or set of men are entitled to exclusive or separate emoluments or privileges from the community but in consideration of public services. The colony came to the first stage of civil and religious freedom and of progress through representative government at a time when, in England, parliamentary legislation had been disused during some years under the rule of James the First. Then began the colonial struggle between a representative government of the people and personal rule. There were times of protest and rebellion against governmental wrong, the subversion of law and tyrannous absorption and misuse of power by governors. Such was the insurrection led by Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., in 1676, just a century before the American Revolution.

Where the people elect their rulers and make the laws, the government will reflect the character and attainments of the people, and a country will be eventually, in moral and governmental standards what its people demand. The first representative government at Jamestown antedated all others in this country; the beginning of the conflict between personal and popular control. From that time to the present day there has been a struggle for good government of the people. Through that contest there has been exemplified in our colonial and national life every phase of culture, enterprise, heroism and sacrifice. The church has taught the observance of the precepts of the religion of Christ. Legislation has given sanction to high principles. In jurisprudence, diplomacy and international relations the course of our nation is marked by justice and generosity. Education and science illumined the path of progress. In military annals, Washington leads the long line of heroes. The story of the Navy beams with the light of illustrious names. Every conflict of war or peace in which our country has been engaged glows with pictures of splendid courage. In all lines of effort, though obstacles and evils lie in the way, the goal is a true service and advancement of our country.

Such are the results which had their beginnings in the colony of Jamestown, which we are accustomed to think of as the birth-place of the American Nation. The wonderful story, momentous in the history of the world, is worthy of national illustration and commemoration and of the sympathy and participation of all civilized people. It is the object of the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition to organize an appropriate celebration of those great events in the history of our country and progress of the world.

As the character and scope of the exposition have not been always cor-

rectly appreciated, it may be well to state its purposes as officially declared, and then to inquire how the actual preparations and arrangements fulfil the original high objects of commemoration. The charter granted by the State of Virginia to the Jamestown Exposition Company on March 10, 1902, recited in the preamble, *inter alia* :

"It is the desire and purpose of the people of this Commonwealth to fittingly commemorate the third centennial of the settlement effected at Jamestown on the thirteenth day of May in the year sixteen hundred and seven.

"The most fitting form of such a celebration would be to hold a great exposition in some one of the cities of Virginia, in which all our sister States, and, if possible, all the English-speaking people of the earth, shall be invited to participate, and where shall be displayed the products of peace and the fruits of free institutions in all realms.

"It is the opinion of the general assembly of Virginia that such exposition should be held at some place adjacent to the waters of Hampton Roads, whereon the navies of all nations may rendezvous in honor of the hardy mariners who braved the dangers of the deep to establish the colony."

And in the Act it is further declared:—"The company shall select a suitable name designating the said exposition, which name shall be commensurate with the great significance of the event it commemorates, and shall contain the name of no city. It shall also have power to erect at Jamestown or elsewhere a suitable permanent memorial of such character as to it may seem most appropriate and proper, the execution of a memorial at Jamestown to be subject to the consent and the design to be subject to the approval of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities."

On March 3, 1905, Congress passed an act, which declared in part: "Whereas it is desirable to commemorate in a fitting and appropriate manner the birth of the American nation, the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people on the American continent, made at Jamestown, Va., on the 13th day of May, 1607, in order that the great events of American history which have resulted therefrom may be accentuated to the present and future generations of American citizens; and whereas that section of the Commonwealth of Virginia where the first permanent settlement was made conspicuous in history of the American nation by reason of the vital and momentous events which have taken place there in the Colonial, Revolutionary and Civil War eras of the nation, including not only the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people, but also the scene of the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the scene of the first naval conflict between armor-clad vessels, the Monitor and Merrimac; therefore be it

enacted, that there shall be inaugurated in the year 1907, on and near the waters of Hampton Roads, in the State of Virginia, as herein provided, an international naval, marine and military celebration, beginning May 13, and ending not later than November 1, 1907."

The act appropriated \$250,000 for the expenses of the celebration, which includes \$50,000 for a permanent monument upon the place of the first permanent English settlement at Jamestown, and authorized the President "to issue a proclamation of the celebration, setting forth the event to be commemorated, inviting foreign nations to participate by sending their naval vessels and such representations of their military organizations as may be practicable, and to have such portions of our Army and Navy assembled there during the said celebration as may be compatible with the public service." The militia of the several States were also invited to participate.

This celebration, directed by Congress, is in close proximity, both in time and place, to the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition organized under the law of Virginia, and it was undoubtedly intended as an aid to that exposition, but the two arrangements are entirely separate in control and in character. Congress entered into a direct national participation in the exposition by a law passed in 1906, which will be presently explained.

Officers of the Army and Navy are obedient to law, the loyal servants of the people, and they do not indulge in commendation or criticism of their rulers. But it may not be improper for one of them to point good reasons for the act of Congress and the appropriateness of participation by the Army and Navy in the great national event, but keeping in view that their presence will not be the main feature but will be collateral and subsidiary to the arrangements and objects of the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition, a congregation of peace and not for war.

It may be rightly affirmed that there would be no exposition in 1907 but for the past services of military and naval bodies. Had the English Navy been crushed and destroyed by the Spanish Armada in 1588, the English settlement of Virginia would not have been effected; and a history of this land may have been made by another people. In the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars of our country, the military and naval forces have borne honorable parts, often of decisive importance. The story of America cannot be written without many chapters upon the real services and devotion of those men who put on the uniform of the Army and Navy, or wore that of the citizen soldiery. The celebration of the birth and growth of the nation would be incomplete without the presence of those arms which made the commemoration possible. The Congress recognized the Army and Navy

and the Militia as an element of our national life and history worthy of representation at a gathering of citizens of all States, to rejoice over the past and gather fraternal and patriotic spirit for the future.

War is a calamity always to be deplored, but not always to be avoided. War is to be judged as to its object, its necessity or possibility of honorable avoidance. No American will affirm or admit that the War of the Revolution was, on the part of the colonists, an unjust war, that it did not possess the elements of honor and necessity which secure the approval of mankind. There are righteous causes of war, and wars of gross injustice. The hopes of many people are fixed upon a peaceful settlement of international disputes, a hope held, perhaps, not more earnestly than by those who, in the event of war, will have to do the fighting. But as long as wars of ambition, of annexation and of conquest occur, a people is not justified in neglecting means of rightful defense. England without a Navy would have been helpless and broken before the Spanish Armada. And to-day our own nation cannot disband its Army and Navy while it has great interests to guard in the presence of vast forces to which it may be opposed. Had the United States possessed in 1898 its Navy of to-day, there would have been no costly and bloody war; for it is well known that Spain entered upon the conflict in the confidence, which but few of her people did not share, that her Navy would vanquish our own. We are in the Philippines and we have a duty there. We have a Pacific coast, as well as an Atlantic, to defend. We are about to guard the Isthmus of Panama for the benefit of the world. Far-seeing patriots cannot be otherwise than unhappy and anxious, in recognition of the fact that our defensive preparations do not exist or are inadequate. For, surely, while our country will not seek war nor enter upon a conflict not just and necessary, the possession of suitable means of defense, commensurate with our internal greatness as a nation, must be regarded as the best assurance of peace and of continued happiness.

The full military powers of our country will not be displayed at the exposition, but the National Guard of the several States and the Army and Navy will be modestly represented, and the officers and men will be there in a spirit of friendliness to all our visitors from foreign lands. It is understood that upon the opening of the exposition by the President of the United States and upon the arrival of any Military representatives or Naval vessels of friendly nations, there will be present such of our national Military and Naval forces as may be assembled without detriment to the public service in the course of their regular employments. The ceremonies will be on the exposition grounds and they will be chiefly of a civic character. The scene

will be splendid in its civic nature, and it is intended that the battalions or companies of the Army, Navy and National Guard shall fill their proper place in an imposing event commemorative of the history of the nation. Subsequently, there will remain at the exposition a detachment of each arm of the military service and a division of naval vessels for the purpose of exhibition to the citizens of the United States. There is not a State and not many counties in the United States that have not citizens in the Army and Navy. All the people support the Army and Navy, and they do it willingly, and it is right and proper that the people who visit the exposition shall have an opportunity to see something of the great forces of national defense which they have created and maintain. But there will be no carnival of war nor inspiration of military conquest. It is expected that many friendly nations will be represented by naval vessels and a few by companies of soldiers, illustrative of their military arm.

We come now to a brief statement of the principal and more important measures of the Jamestown Exposition Company, intended to give prominence to the civic history of our country, commemorative, educational, historical and patriotic. Nearly all the buildings are illustrative of architecture of the colonial period, with many reproductions either exact or upon a reduced scale. The principal building, the Auditorium, with its annexes of Historic Art and of Education, fronts upon Raleigh Square, which will be a floral design, and overlooks Hampton Roads. The Auditorium is provided for the use of numerous Congresses or Conventions, of which, up to the middle of February, one hundred and nineteen had arranged their programmes of attendance and work. A Hall of Congresses will be provided, with a seating capacity for 8,000 persons. This hall is entered from outside the exposition grounds, and it will be used for religious services, morning and evening, during the entire period of the exposition. The conventions represent many associations and lines of endeavor, industrial, educational, professional, commercial, technical, fraternal, religious, historical and patriotic. The Tidewater Ministerial Union is arranging regular Evangelistic Services at the exposition. Perhaps the most prominent of the conventions will be historical and fraternal.

The exposition exhibit buildings include:

- Manufactures and Arts, 550 ft. long, 280 ft. wide.
- Machinery and Transportation, 550 ft. long, 280 ft. wide.
- States' Exhibit, 500 ft. long, 300 ft. wide.
- States' Exhibit Court, 250 ft. long, 90 ft. wide.
- Mines and Metallurgy, 250 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.
- Mines and Metallurgy Annex, 100 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.

Food Products, 300 ft. long, 250 ft. wide.
Marine, 300 ft. long, 90 ft. wide.
Power and Alcohol (Denatured), 300 ft. long, 150 ft. wide.
Graphic Arts, 150 ft. long, 150 ft. wide.
Agricultural Implements, 100 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.
Transportation, 250 ft. long, 200 ft. wide.
Transportation, 200 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.
Foods, 100 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.
Forestry, 100 ft. long, 50 ft. wide.
Manufactures, 100 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.
Virginia Mines and Timber, 250 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.

There is under construction an additional fireproof building, 300 feet long by 90 feet wide, which has been found necessary to house the exhibits of Historic Art. Arts and Crafts (four buildings), Education (college and university), Education (primary and secondary)—buildings of incorporated companies and individuals for special purposes. Thirty States have appropriated money for buildings, for the use of their citizens and for historical exhibits. Eighteen of these State buildings are built or building.

Congress, by Act of June 30, 1906, provided for exhibits at the Jamestown Exposition from the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum and the Library of Congress, of such articles and materials of a historical nature as will serve to impart a knowledge of our colonial and national history, from the War and Navy Departments, the Life Saving Service, the Revenue Cutter Service, the Army, the Navy, the Light House Service, the Bureau of Fisheries, and an exhibit from the Island of Porto Rico.

The Bureau of American Republics was invited to make an exhibit illustrative of the resources and international relations of the American republics, in the Government buildings. Twelve American republics have accepted invitations to participate, more numerous representation than ever before. The act further directed the erection at the exposition of suitable buildings for the government exhibits, a suitable building for the exhibit of the Life Saving Service, a fisheries building and aquarium, a building for use as a place of rendezvous for the Soldiers and Sailors of the United States Army and Navy and of foreign armies and navies participating in the celebration, and a similar rendezvous for army and naval officers participating (seven buildings in all).

The act further provided for two piers, extending from the exposition into the waters of Hampton Roads, forming a basin or harbor. The piers are in course of construction, giving location to the exposition names, Susan Constant Pier, Godspeed Pier, Discovery Landing, and Smith Harbor. The

act also promised for the erection of a permanent landing pier at Jamestown Island.

The act further provided an appropriation of \$100,000 in aid of the Negro Development and Exposition Company of the United States of America, to enable it to make an exhibit of the progress of the negro race in this country at the exposition.

The amusement section of the exposition will be similar to that of previous expositions, like the Midway or the Pike, with many novel features. The lamented General Fitzhugh Lee, first president of the exposition, suggested one day in a humorous way that this section would be a rendezvous for Indians and might be called the Warpath. The name stuck, though not descriptive of the prospective pleasures of the section.

Among the amusements may be noted balloon ascensions, athletic sports and games, military exercises of the Army detachment and National Guards, boat races, and musical performances. The second and third weeks in September will be marked by the yacht races under the management of a national organization, the Jamestown Exposition Yacht Racing Commission. Doubtless, the West Point Cadets and the Midshipmen of the Naval Academy will contribute some exposition of their skill, athletic or professional, during their brief visit.

During the last eighteen months there has sprung up a city upon the exposition grounds, and the improvements of the landscape in connection with the natural features of the site have made a scene of singular beauty. There will gather people of all classes and from all parts of the country, and each will find some object of interest. The Governors have settled rules which will insure good order and the convenience and pleasure of all worthy visitors. Gambling, betting, the sale of intoxicating liquors on the grounds, and disorderly conduct of any kind will be suppressed. The exposition will be closed on Sundays. It appears that the programme of exhibits, exercises and arrangements is worthy of a great commemorative assembly. People of the North, South and West will meet under the impression of historical pictures and scenes which belong to all. There must arise a new interest and study in the history of our country, for the educational and historic features of the exposition will overshadow all others and be of the most permanent effect. It cannot be doubted that a new spirit of union and patriotism will spread from the exposition to every part of the land.

The Case for Porto Rico.

By M. OLMEDO.

SECRETARY SAN JUAN BOARD OF TRADE.

WITH the special message of the President to Congress has vanished, once for all, the last vestige of the hopes entertained by the Porto Rican people of a reform of the most anti-American regime that may be devised within the American conception of democratic government. The general discouragement that this document has spread over the little island, is well symmetrized in the letter or manifesto that the Speaker of the lower house and leader of the party of the majority has given out to the public. The letter has no great importance in itself, because, although its last paragraph resembles a war cry—and this is the only part of the same which is not seriously taken even by the author—it is not intended otherwise than as a warning to undeceive those who still believed in Gen. Miles's promises. But one thing is true of this letter, and that is that it reveals a pessimism, a general discontent, among the people which finds expression in the energetic and eloquent paragraphs of Mr. Matienzo.

For some time past the people of Porto Rico, familiar with the history of the United States and American institutions, have begun to realize their present humiliating situation; and, although they do not fail to admire the ability of the legislator who framed their organic law, they doubt the sincerity of a government which, under the pretext of a transitory measure, is

trying to perpetuate a feudal system in the island.

The greater objection made to the Foraker law has been that it unites in the same officers not only the legislative and executive duties, but in some indirect way the judiciary, with excessive power vested in the attorney-general, as has developed lately. The reasons for the objection to this system are obvious; but where it is most offensive to Porto Ricans appears to be in connection with the disposition of their moneys. The law gives the heads of departments the power to appoint their employes, providing for their salaries and making other disbursements. This clause is interpreted in the most ample sense, leaving to the heads of departments, constituting the majority of the Council or Senate, the absolute control of the budget, which is submitted to the House as a matter of form only. This has always been a source of friction and sometimes of comic incidents. Last year, for instance, the Council passed a budget increasing the former one by \$130,000 to meet the expense of the ever increasing governmental machinery. The House refused; there was a deadlock. The leader of the majority was sent for by the Governor. What he was told, nobody knows; but the Speaker of the House, on seeing him coming through the lobbies, dejected, could not help crying out: "Oh, my friend, it looks as if your legs were shaky."

The budget did pass with the increase, of course; but it is evident that there is something wrong about the system. A Commission was sent to Congress last winter to represent these facts, and the only thing obtained from Washington so far has been the declaration that there must be harmony in the administration—harmony with the Executive Mansion's views, of course—which, by abolishing the only counterpart to the power of the Governor in the possibility of discrepancy of opinion among the members of the Council, has destroyed the equilibrium necessary to a democratic government, to distinguish it from the government of one. And if we add to this the fact that a conservative law which provides for an appointive Senate of eleven members, of which five at least shall be natives, is interpreted at Washington in the sense that the natives should always be in the minority, we have the sum of the Porto Rican grievances.

What Porto Rico wants in substance is what is understood to be the fundamental principles of a Republican government—a separation of the three powers; complete independence of the executive from the legislative branch, and of both from the judiciary; and an elective Senate, in order that the men from Texas, Idaho, or New York, may not rule the destinies of their country. But so far they have failed to make an impression here as to the justice of their claim, for the effect of their efforts is promptly neutralized by the reports of those who are interested in maintaining the present status.

At last the President visits the island: It is the occasion of great rejoicing. It seems to the islanders, in the midst of the noise of the preparations to welcome the First Magistrate of the Nation, that they hear the clamors of redemption—the protection of law against force, the affirmation of justice against oppression—superb hopes of a future of happiness in the face of a present of discrimination and humility. But, alas, their hopes are soon destroyed! The President makes a trip across the island with the numerous train of officials; he gets from them the refrain, the old refrain: "Porto Rico Is Not Ready Yet;" and this opined phrase, which has been used to meet the Porto Rican demand for more than 400 years, is transmitted to Congress by the man who rules over the greatest democracy in the world.

And thus, while the Porto Ricans appreciate the good will of the President in recommending economical measures for the island, and are glad that their little country served him in manufacturing a pretty phrase, when he called the verdant isle "tropical Switzerland," they would put to him this question, whether he thinks the art of governing is learned from reference or in the school of practical experience, and whether individuality, which he asserts is the basis of self-government, is apt to be developed under a system which, by depriving the natives of the right to manage their affairs, can but be debasing and humiliating to them.



Johannes Brahms—1833-1897.

By A. E. KEELTON.

(From the Monthly Review.)

TO couple the name of Brahms with the word fashion verges on the ludicrous. Yet the fact remains that the series of Brahms Concerts given in London during the last two months could almost be chronicled among the doings of the "smart set." At more than one of these concerts, it is true, a few elderly persons in the crowded throng were to be observed slumbering peacefully; and if the brilliant frivolity of that culmination of smartness—Wagnerian opera at Covent Garden in the height of the season—did not absolutely predominate, it may be supposed that the air was oppressed by the prevailing solemnity of the proceedings, which could suggest commemorations of some public calamity.

Brahms certainly never took himself half so seriously as do his latter-day English disciples. To discover a reason for the inordinate gravity of demeanor affected by these votaries is not easy; and the uninitiated who have had no opportunities of previously testing the stimulating possibilities of Brahms musically, are apt to obtain merely a sensation of dullness and inertia. If we accept the life and character of Brahms as the key to the spirit of his utterances, there is nothing specially tragic in one or the other. He lived to the age of sixty-four, and until his last few months he never knew a day's illness. He had splendid vitality and robust health, sufficient to tire out his immediate en-

tourage. He was a tremendous walker, and as soon as he could afford it, became a bit of a bon vivant, with a first-rate digestion. Year in, year out, a fund of will power and concentration enabled him to devote himself pleasantly to his creative faculty. He began his career unknown in a lowly state of life—only two generations removed from peasant stock—and without a penny in his pocket. By the time that he was forty, he was fairly well acknowledged all the world over as a composer of first magnitude. To within his last year he could work with a clear brain and unclouded perception; the exquisitely pathetic "Erste Lieder," Op. 121, finished in 1896, exhibit no sign of a falling off from his habitual high standard. He died leaving a fortune of £20,000, acquired by his own unaided efforts as a creative musician. In all of this there is a substantial suggestion, if not of neurotic romance, at least of solid, comfortable happiness, such as should especially appeal in a comfortable, cheerful manner to the practical side of our English character.

A dread of social amenities and conventions, among them the necessity of donning an evening coat, appears to have been a cogent preventive against his ever accepting various urgent invitations to visit England. He cordially detested what his countrymen understand as "Spectakel," and more than once cleverly evaded anything approaching an ovation, as, for in-

stance, at a public dinner when the toast of the "greatest composer" was given, which he promptly caught up, by raising his glass and replying, "Ganz recht, we drink to Mozart."

It is then a matter of curious conjecture to picture an artist of his calibre in the midst of a coterie of his English devotees. He had a grim sense of humor. "I do love Brahms," remarked a lady at one of the above-mentioned concerts; "he always makes me think somehow of the Elijah." This is possibly the one and only occasion when Brahms has evoked memories of Mendelssohn. But from the outset of his career, it was to his or rather to our misfortune, that he was constantly pitted against the most prominent names in the history of his art. This has brought his music a quite extraordinary vogue of fluent, ready-made and as often as not quite inapplicable admiration and belittling.

His detractors have gone so far as to announce that had he not been so continuously tossed to and fro at Wagner, no one would ever have heard of him. It is also fairly obvious that many of his most ardent partisans were merely casting about for a tangible argument in their case against the theories of Wagner; and a vague intuition of an unanalysable something in the individuality of Brahms led them to adopt him as a big enough war cry to serve their purpose. Liszt, on perusal of the famous Schumann mandate, "Neue Bahnen," only remarked cynically: "Yes, but Schumann once said much the same about a certain Sterndale Bennett." Still, Liszt could be deceived for a time by a flattering premonition that in Brahms he was welcoming a new satellite of his own. The anecdote of Brahms falling asleep during a Liszt seance, though probably fictitious, admirably indicates the former's consistent behavior throughout the strife of half a century.

The hubbub touched him in no vital artistic sense. With unruffled equanimity he pursued his own course; nor

is there any record of his ever writing or speaking a word for or against the belligerents. But the contention, while it put money into his own pocket, as well as those of publishers and concert agents, has also done immeasurable harm artistically, by deterring many genuine musicians from forming a first-hand opinion of Brahms; and lovers of sincerity have been repelled by a free circulation of undiluted cant.

Of temperament such as we associate with Chopin or Tshalkovski, Brahms was devoid. He resisted pessimism to the utmost. He had, if anything, too much control of his emotions, a trait which can often impart an austerity almost harsh and forbidding to his music. On the whole this music is characterized by slow, rugged force rather than by the attributes of polish and delicacy. Even in his love songs there is rarely a note of overwhelming, passionate impetuosity. A vein of diffidence, if not of actual caution, no doubt restrained him from writing a symphony until he had reached the age of forty-three, and then he only composed three others. We may contrast this output with the fertility of Germany's other great modern symphonists, Beethoven with nine, and Bruckner with eight. One finds in Brahms no exuberance of joyous irresponsibility such as greets us in the winsome accent of Mozart, and sometimes too in the pages of Schubert. In this connection it may be mentioned that his mother was well on in middle age when she married, and over forty at the time of his birth. His intention toward life is clearly summed up by his maxim: "We have at any rate to live, let us therefore do our best to make life as interesting as possible."

It is significant that out of nearly two hundred of his songs, the text of half a dozen only is supplied by the mercurial genius of Heine. Among the six though is the lovely "Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht," a token of his genius which one could ill spare. Apart from an unflinching enjoyment of

studying Biblical Writ (purely as literature though, and with no bias toward creeds and dogmas), Brahms, who was a great reader, seems oddly enough to have cared most for the novels of Fielding, and for serious historical and philosophical works. Compared with other modern composers, he was no traveller. For the personal propaganda of his works he went no farther beyond the frontiers of strictly German-speaking peoples than Holland and Switzerland. His expressed pleasure in various sojourns in Italy, undertaken solely for repose and recreation, indicates a many-sided culture and a quick perception for beauty, whether in art or in landscape.

One may say that comparatively impervious to persons his frequent intercourse with nature and solitude was on the other hand a necessity of his very existence. It requires but little imagination to catch the echo of this deep abiding love of nature impregnating his music, but most especially, perhaps, many of his songs. "Feld-einsamkeit" will at once occur to the reader, or the beautiful "Regenlied," Op. 59, or his numerous lyrics relating to spring, autumn, the expanse of the sea, or the fresh stillness of wood and forest and mountain side. With all his culture, Brahms never became what we call a man of the world. His peasant ancestry peeps out again and again.

A curious mixture of the simple and prosaic in his nature is illustrated by his statement that as a child, and already a composer, his best tunes always came to him while blacking his boots. His very name is symbolic, since it is said to be derived from the common term Bram (Bramble), still current in some German districts. Only a true son of the people could have handled their folk tunes and dances in his inimitable fashion, identifying himself quite naturally with their mood, and yet making them part and parcel of his own unmistakable individuality. As far as is known, the affections of Brahms found their princ-

pal outlet in a touching life-long fidelity to ties with a family connection which it would have taken the genius of a Balzac to describe as interesting. The circle included his parents, two brothers, a sister, and later on a step-mother and her son, to the support of one or other of whom he very early began to contribute, doing so more and more liberally as his means increased. As a reason for not marrying he once wrote to a friend:

"At the time when I should have wished to marry, my compositions were either hissed at, or at any rate very coolly received. I knew their worth though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned; and in unmarried solitude I never really took my reverses to heart. But to be questioned by a wife at such moments; to have her inquiring eyes anxiously fixed upon me, to hear her ask: 'Again a fiasco?' No, that I could never have borne. For, however much she loved me and believed in me, I could not have expected her to have unwavering faith in my subsequent victory. And had she attempted to console me! Ugh! I can't even think of it. It would have been little less than hell!"

In its bare outline the confession is stern enough, but if we probe beneath its surface have we not a glimpse of an acute sensibility, as well as of a longing for what he himself felt to be an unattainable haven of conjugal love and mutual comprehension and trust between man and woman? In connection with his love ideals, "Wie bist du meine Königin" is as right royal and tender a homage as any woman need crave. Spasms of his inherent asperity no doubt jarred upon Brahms himself at times driving him to seek counteracting softening influences to his unconquerable reticence. These gentler yearnings may have had him in their throes when he brought forth a goodly number of the capricci and intermezzi. Among these one recalls a few from the Op. 76, or the first intermezzo from the second book

Op. 116; or again the haunting, ethereal beauty of so many of the slow movements in his chamber music.

He was always attracted to children. In more than one crisis of sorrow in his life it was to a child that he turned for solace. But children were at first awed, and until they had tested the gentleness underlying his brusquerie, were inclined to shrink from him. His songs for the young, too, while they can appeal warmly to the retrospect sympathies of their elders, are not within the comprehension of the average child. Very apt was the criticism of Buelow, applied to the Andante from the pianoforte sonata Op. 5, once brought to him for a lesson by a young pupil: "Fraulein, this is not for you; it is for no one under thirty." Everyone has heard of the delight which Brahms took in waltz tunes and rhythms, a delight most fitly set forth in the delicious "Liebeslieder Walzer" for vocal quartet and pianoforte duet Op. 52 and 65.

One of his chief attractions to Vienna was the dance music of the Viennese dance dynasty, the Strausses, whom he placed very high among composers. He was one of the first musicians also to appreciate Dvorak, and cherished a warm admiration for composers of the genre of Bizet and Goldmark. It is in his mass of chamber music that Brahms is perhaps, next to his songs, best known in England. Opportunities of hearing his orchestral works under a sympathetic conductor are rare; and one ventures to think that his technique as an orchestrator is occasionally blamed, thanks to incomparably dull and heavy interpretation. No composer was ever more plastic and utterly dependent upon adequate performance.

In order to enter into the sanctuary of the Brahms holy of holies, one is indeed inclined to demand for him considerably more study from the three standpoints, emotion, intellect and technique, than is requisite for any other composer. His own frequent failure,

whether as pianist or conductor, to arouse sympathy for his music may have been largely due, not to incompetence on his part, but rather to something wholly new and unusual in his style. There are at present only here and there a Steinbach, a Weingartner, a Nikisch, a Leonard Borwick, a d'Albert, a Kreisler who can grasp and appreciate his mixture of depth and transparency and cause his music to vibrate with that acute nerve of sensibility already alluded to, which impelled Brahms to the accomplishment of his best work, but which he was also at pains to conceal, even from himself.

His life of retirement and isolation from a modern world of quick action and movement could tend besides to a further veiling of his meaning in a certain dreamy remoteness and distance. His conceptions are apt to assume vague and titanic proportions. Yet the means employed in his four symphonies, or in the larger choral works, to wit, the "Triumphslied," or the "Schicksalslied," are simple enough. If we desire the allurements of the "tropical garden of gorgeous exotics offered by Wagner's orchestration," Brahms is bound to disappoint us; but the sombre, mellow values of his tone-coloring, brought about by his marked preference for the lower stringed instruments, as is evinced more especially in the first movement of his "Requiem," or in the "Serenade," Op. 16, can appeal to a connoisseur, reminding him of some fine old painting. Brahms's manipulation of certain instruments, more particularly of the clarinet and horn, points moreover to a comprehension for their peculiar qualities, not easily to be rivalled; and in sheer beauty of treatment it would be difficult to surpass such things as the blending of the horn and harp accompaniment to the "Songs for Women's Choir," Op. 17.

We may justly classify this composer as essentially Teutonic. The mingling of uncouth realism and ro-

mantic sentiment in Teutonic legendary lore, and potent throughout the range of Teutonic pictorial art, from Duerer to Menzel, finds in him an eloquent counterpart. No one has better fathomed his inner meaning than his fellow Teuton, the sculptor, painter and etcher, Max Klinger. In this artist's wonderful series of Brahms's *Phantasie* the imagery can be both grotesque and awkward. Yet the pose of the human figures introduced is full of dignity, and the backgrounds of cloud and sea, with masses of dimly outlined mysterious forms, soaring up from the horizon, are signally emblematic of the scope of the Brahms conception, and its flitting note of poesy.

In his lyrics, such as "Alte Liebe," "Am Sonntag Morgen," "Sehnsucht," or the "Feldeinsamkeit," Max Klinger has evidently found a wealth of emotional coloring. His title page to the last-named song curiously typifies its atmosphere of summer heat and haze. It is above all, though, in his *Schicksalslied*, "the great Song of Destiny," that Klinger is most intimately allied with Brahms. To the relentless force of its allegro, its rush of movement and rhythm, he has penned a masterly corollary, which won the delighted thanks of Brahms himself, and equally well has the artist caught the celestial afterthought in major key appended by the musician to the poet's text of desolation:

Wie Wasser von Klippe
Zu Klippe geworfen
Jahrlang ins Ungewisse hinab.

It is after all to his complete self-revelation of a singularly virile, healthy, and independent individuality, true to others and true to itself, that Brahms owes his best claim to greatness. The legend of the "three B's, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms," has been

promulgated to satiety. But neither in Bach nor Beethoven do we meet with those bold designs of broad, sweeping curves of melody with which the music of Brahms is saturated, if we will only seek it for ourselves.

Even granted that he was a borrower of themes—wholly his own in his method of shrouding these in a mist of floating rich harmonies and modulations; and his sharp transitions, his arabesques of arpeggi, his intricacy of free, declamatory rhythms and counter-rhythms, are as unlike the clean-cut outlines of Bach and Beethoven as any music well can be. It might be presumed that in these latter aspects of harmony and rhythm he had affinity with Schumann. But here again one would place the two individualities at opposite poles. If it be generally conceded that Brahms requires more study than the other composers, the agreement need not, however, oblige us to dismiss as his inferiors a Wagner, a Berlioz, a Liszt.

To pose Brahms, indeed, upon a pinnacle and shut out the horizon of any further musical development is a position of which he, with his clear judgment and critical acumen, would speedily have demonstrated the absurdity. Analogies between workers in different spheres of art once formulated can return to us later on reproachfully, as incongruous and far-sought. Still there are some conspicuous points of contact between Brahms the Teuton and the American Walt Whitman; and Brahms assuredly would have readily endorsed the American's words:

Births have brought us richness and variety.
And other births will bring us richness and variety;
I do not call one greater and one smaller;
That which fills its period and place is equal to any.

The Messianic Idea in Virgil.

By R. S. CONWAY.

(From the Hibbert Journal.)

FEW things are more characteristic of the spirit of modern criticism than the complete decay of the reverence with which Virgil's Fourth Eclogue was once regarded. That beautiful, playful, mysterious poem celebrated the expected birth of a child, by declaring it to mark the advent of a new Golden Age. For fourteen centuries this declaration was interpreted in only one way. From the first establishment of Christianity in the Roman Empire, down to the days of Pope and Johnson, the title of this article would have been at once understood to refer to the Fourth Eclogue, and no one would have thought it natural to connect it with any other part of the poet's writings. Some scholars, indeed, might state more carefully than others the degree of consciousness of the meaning of the eclogue which they attributed to its author; but that the poem was an inspired prediction of the Christian Messiah seemed both clear and good to every Christian eye. Modern commentators, however, protest with one voice that the child—if it existed at all—was some Roman infant of Virgil's own day, and they lament over a belief which one of the most judicious of them describes, with quite theological warmth, "the ridiculous, and if it were not sincere, I might have said blasphemous, notion that the eclogue contained an inspired Messianic prophecy."

We find, then, the critics of a particular epoch, though by no means clear as to what the poem does mean, at least confident in declaring that all their predecessors were wrong; and they do not pause even to exempt from their censure the greatest student ever drawn to Virgil's poetry—so that a living and distinguished Oxford scholar accuses Dante of "ridiculous" if not "blasphemous" conduct. Under these distressing circumstances it may seem worth while to look into the poem for ourselves, to separate its central idea from the rest, and to ask what place that idea holds in other parts of Virgil's writings. For it can hardly, I think, be denied, that in both the "Georgics" and the "Aeneid" we continually meet with a conception which in many ways is parallel to the Jewish expectation of a Messiah; that is to say, the conception of a national hero and ruler, divinely inspired, and sent to deliver not his own nation only but mankind, raising them to a new and ethically higher existence. So far as I know, no attempt has been made to examine this question in the light of our present knowledge of Virgil.

The Fourth Eclogue is addressed to the Consul Pollio—at least if we are content, as honest persons must be, to accept the reading of l. 12 which is given by all the manuscripts. Gaius Asinius Pollio was a distinguished member of Caesar's party, soldier, statesman, and poet, in whose consulship, toward the end of the year 40

B. C., was expected the birth of the child which is the subject of the poem. Of the position of Roman affairs at that time we must take some note later on; here let us simply observe that Pollio was one of the friends to whom, a year sooner, Virgil owed the restoration of his father's farm, which for a time had been handed over to one of the countless "veterans" of Octavian's army "settled" on other men's lands. After invoking the muses of pastoral poetry to help him in higher strains than heretofore, Virgil turns at once to his double theme, the return of the Golden Age, and the birth of a particular child. By a not uncommon accident of language the only Latin word for "child" is one that is masculine in form, namely *puer*; and hence it is natural, indeed almost inevitable, that the poet should write as if it were certain that the child would be a boy. And it is well to notice now that the lines which invoke *Lucina*, the Goddess of Birth, and the concluding prayer that the mother's weary months of waiting may be happily ended, make it quite certain (to every reader, at least, whose sense of humor is not totally in abeyance) that it is not of some mystical moral emblem, but of an actual mother and child, that we are meant to think.

One of the sacred books of the Roman state-religion was a collection of rhymes and rubrics attributed to an ancient Wise Woman or Sibyll, though the collection in use in Virgil's day had in fact been compiled no earlier than 82 B. C., after a more ancient document had been burned in the Sulan tumults. According to tradition, this Sibyll lived at Cumae; and one of these rhymes seems to have improved on the familiar doctrine of the four ages of the world—gold, silver, bronze and iron—by declaring that the golden age, in which Saturn was king, and which ended when the Maiden *Justitia* (*Astraea*) left the earth, was soon to begin over again. The Roman astrologers, too, fired by

the marvellous portent of the *Iulium sidus*, the comet which appeared soon after the murder of Julius Caesar in 44 B. C., had been unusually busy; and, among other items of popular instruction, they had spread the belief that Caesar's death had fallen in the "last month but one" of the "great year," or stellar cycle of the Etruscans, at the close of which the whole world was to begin its course anew. Such were some of the current conceptions that helped to mould the form of the prophecy to which the reader's attention is now invited.

"Lo, the last age of Cumae's seer has come:
Again the great millennial aeon dawns.
Once more appears the hallowed maid,
once more
Kind Saturn reigns; and from high heaven
descending
Comes a new offspring. But do thou, we
pray,
Pure goddess, by whose grace on infant
eyes
Daylight first breaks, smile softly on this
babe.
For in his time the age of iron shall cease
And golden generations fill the world.
E'en now thy brother, lord of Light and
Healing,
Apollo rules and ends the older day."

The lines thus roughly rendered supplied, as we shall see, what may be called the kernel of the medieval view of the poem.

The reference to Apollo is due to the Etruscan doctrine that the last period or "month" of the *magnus annus* was under his lordship; and the same bright deity had been chosen by Augustus for his special protector.

Virgil then turns to the patron to whom the ode is offered, and from whose consulship the year of the child's birth will be dated:

"Yea, by thy office, Pollio, men will name
The year this star began his glorious
course.
Under thy banner, all that yet remain
Of our ill deeds shall be annulled and
break
The long, long night of universal dread."

The rest of the poem pictures three stages in the unfolding of the new era, corresponding to the childhood, youth, and manhood of the boy himself. Upon the infant, earth lavishes un-

wonted gifts; flowers spring untended, and such flowers as make the fairest contrasts, crimson foxgloves on a background of wandering ivy, the soft leaves of water-lilies and the glistening, pointed foliage of the acanthus. "The she-goats unbidden shall bring home their full udders, the cattle shall no longer fear great lions; * * * the serpent shall perish, poisonous plants shall perish too; the balm of Assyria shall grow by the wayside."

The second stage comes when the child is "old enough to read of the prowess of ancient heroes and the great deeds of his father, and to learn what manly valor means." Nature will then double her bounty and add corn, wine and honey to the flowers, without human toll. But men will not yet have understood their new blessings; "there will still remain within them a few traces of their ancient evil" (*Pauca tamen suberunt priscae uestigia fraudis*) which will bid them seek adventures over sea, build city walls, and plough the fields as of old. Again a band of heroes shall sail, like the Argonauts, to seek treasure in the unknown East, "another Achilles shall attack another Troy." There cannot be a great leader of men, thought Virgil, with nothing to conquer, at least in his youth. The picture of the new age is not all fairyland. Men will still have enough "original sin" (so Augustine understands the phrase) to lead them into bold adventure. Or—if we may leave the allegory for a moment—the new ruler of the Roman world still has realms to subdue; the Parthians and Indians will give scope to his youthful ambition.

But Virgil cannot stop there. His dream would be left incomplete if it ended with the shout of triumph. "When sturdy age has made the child a man," mankind will have learned to accept earth's bounty, and to force her gifts no longer; the ground shall no longer suffer the harrow, nor the vineyard the pruning hook; the merchant shall no longer trouble the sea. Every man's needs shall be satisfied in his

own land; instead of dyed stuffs from Tyre, there shall be goats with purple and saffron hair, and lambs with scarlet fleeces. And with these playful colors the picture is complete. The imagery, indeed, covers a quite serious thought—the contrast between the natural labor of the farmer and the frauds and cruelties of trade (at a time when every merchant ship had slaves for a part of her cargo). But its main purpose is to bring the reader back to the magical flowers beside the cradle, a cradle still waiting for its child. And so the poem closes with a greeting to the infant, rising to a higher note as the poet bids him enter upon a more than human course. Glories shall be his such as rewarded Hercules, the toiling servant of mankind—a seat at the table of the gods, a goddess for his bride. Only let the mother's prayers be speedily answered and her weariness crowned with a baby's smile.

But who is the child? Why is the poet so strangely reticent of the name of its father? Why, indeed, said the early Christian Church, but that he was speaking greater things than he dared give a name to; that he and the Sibyll he is quoting were inspired to predict the advent of the Christ. The earliest recorded attempt (so far as I can find) to interpret the poem in this sense was that of the Emperor Constantine the Great. His biographer, Eusebius, the contemporary historian and bishop, attributes to him a "Speech to the Assembly of the Saints," which contains (cc. 19-21) an elaborate exposition of Virgil's eclogue (Eusebius's record is, of course, in Greek). It is sincere and interesting, if not entirely edifying. The Emperor was very glad to connect his newly recognized religion (313 A. D.) with the great traditions of a pagan empire. After quoting and expounding a "Sibylline" oracle (which is clearly a Christian forgery) on which he supposed Virgil's poem to be based, he proceeds from Virgil's opening prediction of a new generation and an un-

known infant, and declares that the poet knew that he was writing of Christ, but wrapped the prophecy in an allegory in order to escape persecution. The chief figures of the poem are interpreted with somewhat appalling ingenuity. The Virgo is, of course, the Virgin Mary; the "lions," who are no longer to be feared, are the persecutors of the Church; the serpent who shall perish is the serpent who betrayed Eve! The imperial commentator felt no hesitations; and he has at least given us an excellent demonstration of the way in which poetry should not be interpreted. One may be thankful that he has not laid hands on the saffron-colored goats.

From Constantine and Eusebius we turn with relief to more thoughtful readers of Virgil. Augustine is never tired of quoting him, and regards him with unbroken veneration, but ascribes the actual prophecy of Christ in this eclogue only to the Sibyll, and supposes that Virgil himself had no knowledge of the person to whom the prediction referred. He even acknowledges that he would have been unwilling to believe that the Sibyll had spoken of Christ (even by repeating "prophecies that had been heard") had not Virgil referred to her in this eclogue—for the reference of the eclogue to Christ was to his mind too patent to admit of any reasonable doubt. So it came about that the "Dies irae" (whatever its date) ranks the Sibyll side by side with David.

Such, too, was the belief of the poet Dante. Every one is familiar with the unique position of honor which Virgil holds in the "Divina Commedia" as the interpreter of the divine will and the poet's guide through two-thirds of the unseen world. Nor is this due merely to reverence for Virgil as a poet. Explicitly and many times Dante ascribes to him the power of converting men to a knowledge of divine truth. At the outset, when Dante was lost in the selva oscura, the dark forest of worldly ambitions, it was Virgil who came to "lead him

home" (a ca' riduce mi—Inf. 15, 54) by a marvellous way; and it is Beatrice herself, the impersonation of divine grace, who has sent Virgil on his errand. As she commissions him she declares, "When I stand before my Divine Master, I will often speak thy praise to Him." And in a passage on which a flood of light has been recently thrown by Dr. Verrall, Dante makes the poet Statius, whom he thought to have been a Christian, attribute to Virgil, and to the Fourth Eclogue in particular, his own first interest in Christianity.

"What sun or what candles," asks Virgil, "so dispelled thy darkness that thou didst direct thy sails to follow the Fisherman" (i. e. St. Peter)? And Statius replied: "Thou it was that first leddest me towards Parnassus * * * and next didst light me on the road to God. Thou didst as one who goes by night, who bears a light behind him and helps not himself, but after him makes the people wise, when thou saidst, 'The world renews itself: justice returns and the first age of man; and a new offspring descends from Heaven.' Through thee I was a poet, through thee a Christian. * * * Already was the whole world teeming with the true belief, sown by the messages of the eternal realm: and thy word * * * was in harmony with the new preachers, wherefore I began to visit them. And at last they came to seem to me so holy that when Domitian persecuted them, their plaints were not without tears from me. And so long as (I was) in the world I aided them, and their righteous manners made me hold all other philosophies of small price. * * * Thou then * * * didst lift the covering that hid from me so much good."

In our own country it is scarcely two hundred years since Pope published his "Messiah," in the preface to which he accepts the view of Augustine, namely, that the prophecy of an unnamed child was taken by Virgil from the Sibyll, and in her lips had

been a prediction of Christ. Pope followed the tradition of his own Church; but even that Protestant of Protestants, his critic Samuel Johnson, does not seem for a moment to demur.

In all this, then, we see that the outstanding reason for the Christian interpretation of the eclogue was the fact that the child was not named. I have already expressed my conviction that Virgil had in mind a real child whose birth was expected. On the question what child it was whom Virgil meant, I can hardly do more than state the conclusion to which I was led some time ago; but I do so with confidence, because I find that it has been reached by several distinguished scholars independently of one another—Henry Nettleship, Mr. Warde Fowler, and one of the first of living German Latinists, Professor Skutsch, of Breslau.

The plain fact is, that the "father" who has given peace to the world can be no one but Octavian; the child who is to rule the world can have been in Virgil's mind no other than the heir to the empire, whose birth was expected in the latter half of 40 B. C., but who, in fact, was never born. To Octavian's bitter disappointment the child whom Scribonia bore him early in 39 B. C. was a girl, the Julia whose happiness was to be so deeply chequered by her father's dynastic designs. Scribonia was divorced upon the same day, having lost the one strong claim she might have possessed to the Emperor's gratitude. But Virgil's eclogue had been already published, and was itself, as an ante-natal ode must always be, more concerned with the father than the child, more indeed with the hopes of the world than with either father or child. To cancel the poem later on would have been to draw men's attention to Scribonia's misfortune and the Emperor's greatest perplexity, his want of an heir; it was therefore allowed to stand, an enigma though it had become. Who could possibly have foretold the extraordinary influence upon the history of the

world with which this wise and gentle silence was destined to endue the poet? Or that the authority derived from it would be great enough to model for many centuries, if not for all time, the whole Christian conception of the after-world upon the Vision of Aeneas in the Sixth Book of the "Aeneid"?

If, then, we may at last leave behind us the controversies which have gathered round this particular fragment of Virgil's poetry, we come to a rather wider question. Do Virgil's other writings show anything like the hope of a Messiah; and if so, what kind of a Messiah do they foreshadow? We have seen that certain external coincidences with Christian tradition were merely accidental: is there beneath these any real harmony?

My contention may be briefly expressed in a few statements, some of which will be, I think, admitted at once. I believe that we may and must attribute to Virgil the conscious possession of certain ideas which may be roughly enumerated as follows:

1. That mankind was unbearably guilty, and in urgent need of regeneration.
2. That the establishment of the Empire was an epoch strangely favorable to some such ethical movement, and intended by Providence to introduce it.
3. That it was part of the duty of Rome to attempt the task.
4. That one special deliverer would be sent by Providence (or, in the "Aeneid," that a deliverer had already been sent) to begin the work.
5. That the work would involve suffering and disappointment; and that its essence lay in a new spirit, a new and more humane ideal.

Now if we can show that these were among the thoughts which moved Virgil, the admission will surely imply that, in the deepest and truest sense of the word, Virgil did "prophecy" the coming of Christianity. We should be justified in maintaining that he read the spiritual conditions of his time

with profound insight, and with not less profound hope declared that some answer would be sent to the world's need. How much more than these two gifts of insight and faith men may take to be involved in the conception of a prophet we need not consider; for we shall all agree that no great religion will ever be content with less; no mere mechanical foreknowledge has ever been or will ever be enough to make a man a great teacher of his fellows. In inquiring, therefore, into Virgil's teaching upon such points as have been suggested, we are not following some curious by-way of literary study; we are at the very heart of the central movement of history, and touching the deepest forces that have made and are making mankind.

Of the points enumerated, only the last (if even that) can be called in any sense new. The others hardly need to be justified, save that we must examine the first a little more closely if we wish to realize what kind of a world it was in which Virgil lived and wrote.

No one who is even superficially acquainted with the terrible century before Augustus (say from 133-31 B. C.) will doubt that the sufferings caused to the world by the "delirium" of its rulers had reached an unbearable pitch. In that period of time Italy had seen twelve separate civil wars, six of which had involved many of the provinces; a long series of political murders, beginning with the Gracchi, and ending with Caesar and Cicero; five deliberate, legalized massacres, from the drumhead court-martial, which sentenced to death three thousand supposed followers of Galus Gracchus, to the second proscription dictated by Mark Antony. Men still spoke with a shudder of the butchery of seven thousand Samnite prisoners in the hearing of the assembled Senate, and the boy Virgil would meet many men who had seen the last act of the struggle with Spartacus and his army of escaped gladiators—six thousand prisoners nailed on crosses along the

whole length of the busiest road in Italy, from Rome to Capua. And the long record of the oppression of the provinces year by year under every fresh governor is hardly less terrible.

The chief causes of this chaos were the complete decay of civil control over the military forces of the empire; the growth of capitalism and the concentration of capital in the hands of the governing class at Rome; and the economic disorder springing from the methods of ancient warfare, especially the enormous growth of slavery and the depopulation of Italy. They are all summed up in that tremendous *Ergo* in the conclusion of the First Georgic, which attributes the miseries of mankind directly to the just wrath of heaven.

"Therefore it was that twice Philippi saw
The clash of Roman hosts, both armed
alike."

And the same evils have their place in the famous contrast between the peaceful toil of the farmer and the corrupt, reckless ambitions of political life, which closes the Second Georgic.

Hardly even Cicero, and certainly no other man of that generation, felt the shame of that corruption as did Virgil. With burning scorn he points to the roads by which the greatest men of his age had won their way to power.

"Some fret with laboring oars the treacherous sea
Eager to trade in slaughter, breaking through
The pomp and sentinels of ancient kings.
This man will storm a town and sack its homes,
To drink from alabaster, sleep in purple.
His rival hoards up gold and broods alone
On buried treasure. That man's dream is set
On power to sway a crowd by eloquence,
Or so command the acclaim of high and low
That vast assemblies at his coming vie
To fill his ears with plaudits. There the victors
March proud of brothers' blood upon their hands;
Here steal the vanquished, torn from home and children,
To seek new fatherlands in alien skies."

And in the "Aeneid," who can forget the picture of the fall of Troy, with the concentrated pathos of its central

scene, the butchery of Polites before his father's and his mother's eyes, and of Priam himself upon the steps of the altar? And what is the tremendous machinery of punishment after death which the Sixth Book describes in the most majestic passage of all epic poetry but the measure of Virgil's sense of human guilt?

That the advent of the Empire, with the possibility which it offered of universal peace, seemed to Virgil the providential forerunner of even greater blessings, is clearly stated all through the "Aeneid." Not less clear is the part which he deemed the temporal power of Rome was to play in the new growth of society; and almost equally clear is the function he assigns to the idealized Augustus. In other words, few readers of Virgil will doubt the truth of the next three steps in my argument. One comment only may be here permitted, though it is so simple that at first sight it may seem almost trivial. Free communication between different parts of the world was made possible by the new roads, the new postal system, and the complete suppression of war by land and of piracy by sea; and these things, which marked the accession of Augustus, lasted through the first three centuries of the Empire—precisely the period in which Christianity grew to be a world-religion. Has such freedom of travel ever been known again, I wonder, in any other three centuries of history? We may repeat a saying of Pope Leo the Great (440-461 A. D.), which anticipated many eloquent pages of Professor Freeman: "To the end that the fruit of God's unspeakable grace might be diffused throughout the world, the Divine Providence created beforehand the dominion of Rome."

We come now to my chief and last point, the character of the change that Virgil prophesied, and the spirit in which it was to be sought. And this will explain what may have seemed an inconsistency in the argument hitherto. How can you, it may be objected, see in Virgil's writings any antici-

pation of a spiritual Messiah, when Virgil declares that Augustus is the deliverer he celebrates, that Augustus's work is to bring the great reformation? If Virgil was in the end content to accept as the Deliverer a personality so full of blots, can we interpret seriously his loftier predictions? But such a criticism is based on a misconception. Virgil was not content with the past or present weaknesses of the particular human being called Octavian; he condemns roundly, as we have seen, the violent deeds linked with his earlier career; what Virgil extols is the vast service which Augustus was visibly rendering to mankind, and the still higher service which seemed to lie in the new ideal of the Empire. In the passage devoted to Augustus in "Aeneid" vi., there is no mention of his triumphs in war; his first glory is the recall of the Golden Age of Justice; the last, his journeying in peace through the Empire, like the traveler Hercules who tamed the wild beasts of the forests, like Liber who yoked his tigers to the chariot of harvest-rejoicing.

What, then, was the new ideal? It was the conception of peace by forgiveness, of conciliation instead of punishment—in a word, the ideal of mercy. It was indeed for a part of this, that is, for just and humane government, that Cicero had lived and died; and from him Julius Caesar had learned, ere the end of his stormy career, the great political secret of forgetting offences; but the deeper ethical note, the human sympathy and tenderness of Virgil's appeal to the world, is all his own. In his great picture gallery of Roman heroes, nothing surely is more striking than the faint praise or open censure which he bestows on those who were merely great warriors, like King Tullus, the Tarquins, or Torquatus "of the cruel axe." Of Brutus, the first consul, who sentenced his own son to death for conspiring against the republic, Virgil's kindest word is infelix. Of Julius Caesar we have nothing but a lament for his share in

the Civil War, and a prophetic entreaty to him (in the lips of Anchises) to be the first to throw away the sword; and in this delicate, poetic homage to the great dictator, who shall say if there is more praise than regret?

But the fullest embodiment of this conception is in the second half of the "Aeneid." The story gives us a dramatic picture of the ideal ruler in conflict with the concrete forces of selfishness, passion and ignorance; a picture more profound than any that the art of Homer ever essayed to draw, and for that reason losing something of the fresh, boyish delight in stirring action that rings all through the battles on the Trojan plain. The whole fabric of Virgil's narrative, we can hardly doubt, is woven out of the impressions made upon him by the history of his time; but we can trace here only its central thread, a thread of gold. The thought that shines through the story is that no such warfare ought to be; that it is not the natural but the unnatural, or as Virgil calls it, the "impious" way of settling human questions; that reasonableness and pity are the greatest prerogatives of power.

For observe that Aeneas enters Italy not as an invader, but as a friend, no freebooter, but a pilgrim, seeking only to execute divine commands. The war is created by the powers of evil.

"Mischief, thou art afoot; take thou what course thou wilt," cries Shakespeare's Antony, as the mob he has excited rush off to murder the innocent Cinna. It is the same cruel, unscrupulous passion which Virgil portrays when Juno sends the Fury to incite the Latins to break faith with Aeneas. This is her commission.

"Thine is the power to embroil kind brothers' hands,
Sink homes in hatred, light the father's pyre,
And make his freeborn children dread the lash.
A thousand names, a thousand mischiefs thou!
Wake all thy cunning: tear their solemn treaty,

Sow slanderous seed that blood may be the harvest,
And fill at once hearts, voices, hands with war."

To this spirit the brave, patient humanity of Aeneas is in perpetual contrast. In words it is expressed clearly in his speech to the Latin envoys: but the most striking, and, as one is tempted to say, the most un-Roman example, is his conflict with Lausus. Aeneas is pressing Mezentius hard: his young son Lausus rushes in to save his father, and proudly insists on continuing the combat himself when Mezentius has retreated. In vain Aeneas warns and tries to spare him; the Etruscans gather in support of Lausus, who will not be stayed until the spear of Aeneas has pierced his heart. How does Aeneas regard him then?

"But when he saw the dying look and face,
The face so wondrous pale, Anchises' son
Uttered a deep groan, pitying him, and stretched
His right hand forth, as in his soul there rose
The likeness of the love he bore his sire.
'Poor boy! what guerdon for thy glorious deeds,
Say what, to match that mighty heart of thine
Shall good Aeneas yield thee? Those thine arms
Wherein thou gloried'st, keep them; and thyself,
If such desire can touch thee, to the shades
And ashes of thy fathers I restore."
Then calls he the lad's followers, chiding them
For laggards and uplifts their fallen lord,
His comely boyish hair all stained with blood."

There is no such scene in Homer, nor, unless I mistake, in any other poetry before that of Christian chivalry. And it is thrown into high relief by the contrast with the savagery of Turnus, who allows no one but himself to slay the young prince Pallas, and cries, "Would that his father were here to see him fall."

In the crowning scene of the "Aeneid" this cruelty recoils on Turnus himself. As he lies defeated and begs for mercy, Aeneas stays his hand and is about to spare even Turnus.

But his eye falls on the baldric of Pallas which Turnus had taken for himself, and his grief for Pallas rouses again the temper of the warrior and the judge. Turnus must die. "Pallas," he cries, "Pallas slays thee," and plunged his sword full in Turnus's breast. "The chill of death relaxed his frame, and moaning his spirit fled indignant through the darkness." Moaning and indignant the defeated rebel ends his course; pitiful and indignant Virgil ends the story. The ruthless Turnus could not be trusted to live in the new era, but oh, the pity of his fall, the pity of his punishment.

Nowhere more exquisitely does Virgil "stretch out his hands in longing for the further shore," nowhere more touchingly express his sense of the incompleteness of the greatest human triumph, than by this last line of the "Aeneid," his last word to mankind. His hero has fought, has suffered long, has conquered; yet his conquest itself is cause for sorrow, because it shows

that the deeper enemy, the willfulness of human passion, has yet to be destroyed. Surely, if more than human breath ever moved in human utterance, some whisper at least of divine inspiration must be heard in such an ending to such a poem as this.

In Dante's words we think of Virgil as of "one who goes by night and bears a light behind him, and after him makes the people wise." It was what we call an accident that gave to the author of the Fourth Eclogue such authority among Christians that his teaching was studied as almost an integral part of the Christian revelation; but it was not an accident that his teaching was so profound, so pure, so merciful. Understood in the only way possible to the mind of the early centuries, that eclogue made him a direct prophet, and therefore an interpreter of Christ; and it is not the deepest students of Virgil who have thought him unworthy of that divine ministry.

L'INCONNUE.

By WILFRID L. RANDELL.

(From *Idler*.)

Her sweet, unfathomed eyes in level glance
Sought mine, then fell; herself, patrician, proud,
Passed on with nameless benison endowed—
A song the gods made woman-wise, perchance,
Then lost. Fate struck aside Life's mask; romance,
Discreet no longer, ventured 'mid the crowd,
And one bright look was all that love allowed,
Yet am I captive past deliverance.

With thoughts that weave dim tapestries of dreams,
Like ghostly shuttles flying through the night,
I seek her face; no throng our meeting mars,
While converse dear we hold on noble themes;
And waking, still, I see it, tranquil, white,
Through the stern silence of the unpyting stars.

The British Protectorate in East Africa.

By THE LORD HINDLIP.

(From the *Empire Review*.)

OUR East Africa Protectorate is bounded on the south by German East Africa, on the east by the Indian Ocean, on the north by Italian Somaliland and Abyssinia, and on the west by Uganda. I mention these matters as, in spite of the fact that geography is in future to be eliminated from the Foreign Office examination on the ground that it can easily be picked up afterward, I think some of my readers may like to have before them the exact bearings of the territory I propose to deal with in this paper. It is only in the last two years that the Protectorate has attracted much attention from the mother-country. Before that time it was occasionally brought to the notice of the public by incidents such as the Uganda Mutiny, the transfer of the country from the old East Africa Company to imperial control, and by a question or so in the House of Commons. But no particular sympathy was shown in its welfare. Now, however, the position is very different, and the many and varied agricultural and commercial industries which have sprung up in the East Africa Protectorate have awakened and continue to awaken the keenest interest in the heart of the empire. With these few opening sentences let me take the reader to the place itself.

A pleasant surprise awaits the trav-

eler when his ship brings him in sight of the East African coast near Mombasa and for a long distance southward. Instead of the arid waste he has seen in passing through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, and along the Somaliland coast from Guardafui, or the bare hills on the South African coast, he will be inclined to wonder whether by some mischance his ship has brought him, not to the Africa coast, but to some rich tropical island in the East Indies. He will see cocoanut trees growing in profusion, while at Mombasa and other old Portuguese posts, mango trees are fairly plentiful. The whole coast, in fact, is covered with green trees and vegetation.

Mombasa itself is an island, and, as may be gathered from its native name, *Mvita*, meaning the island of war, was the scene of many sanguinary struggles between the Portuguese and the Arabs. The remains of ancient fortifications still exist along the east coast wherever the old settlements were made. The chief port for the Protectorate, Kilindini, is on the other side of the island; it is certainly one of the finest of the many fine harbors in the Protectorate, and capable of holding a large number of big ships. Mombasa, and a strip of ten miles in breadth the whole length of the coast of the Protectorate, still

remain within the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

The coast belt for a distance inland of some twenty miles will, I think, attract a considerable amount of attention during the next few years, owing to its richness and suitability for tropical products, such as rubber, cocoanuts, fibers and cotton. In German East Africa, at and near Tanga, not very far distant from the southern frontier of the British Protectorate, and along the Usambara railway, which runs a short distance from Tanga toward the district of Kilimanjaro, great success has been met with by the business-like German planters, who, equipped with a thoroughly scientific knowledge, have been planting rubber and sisal.

There is no doubt that immense strides have been made by the Germans in rubber and sisal cultivation. Only the other day a representative of a London firm told me that owing to the scientific methods applied by the German to the sisal fibers, the sisal from German East Africa was worth £35 to £38 a ton as against £30 for the Mexican and £22 for the Indian product. This in itself emphasizes the difference between German and other methods, and so good is this fiber that merchants are only too eager to buy it in advance, because they know it will be in good condition. Accurate statistics of rainfall and similar matters easily available in German East Africa are deficient in British East Africa, and several would-be investors have told me that they have abstained from investing in our Protectorate owing to the absence of these and similar data.

Passing from the south of the coast belt northward past Mombasa, the Tana river, with the exception of the first eighty miles of its course, where mosquitos exist in myriads, appears to present great possibilities in the way of products of a tropical nature, including cotton, and in many respects both

the country and the river seem to have characteristics similar to the Nile. Lamu, an island a short distance north of the false mouth of the Tana, the real channel being silted up, is at present the headquarters of the trade of this district. All along the coast, from the Tana southward into German territory, a considerable and profitable trade is done in mangrove bark, which is shipped to Germany and to America. Further north again almost at the northern limit of the coast lands of the Protectorate, lies Kisimayu, near the mouth of the Juba river, a river which will probably in the future play a not unimportant part in the development of Southern Abyssinia and the intervening country inhabited by the Somalis.

I now pass on to describe the country through which the Uganda Railway passes.

Leaving Mombasa, the line crosses to the mainland by the Makupa bridge. After the first twenty miles or so, the bush becomes thicker and interspersed with many fibrous plants, and water is very scarce. With the exception of Voi, in the Teita district, there is nothing of much interest until Makindu is reached, 209 miles from the coast and at an elevation of 3,280 feet, and for the next fifty-eight miles to Kiu there is some very fair grazing land, which should do well for indigenous cattle, goats and sheep, but here again water is a difficulty. One or two abortive attempts at boring have been made by the railway people, but I do not know to what depth the experiments have gone. I firmly believe that water could be supplied by means of artesian wells, which should tap some of the underground rivers said to exist somewhere under this part of the country.

Just before the train reaches Voi (mile 103), the traveler may expect to get his first sight of East African big game. The last time I went up the railway, a little over a year ago, a

small herd of giraffes was seen close to the track. Voi (elevation 1,830 feet) is practically the end of the Taru desert which used to form, in the old days, the *bete noire* of the traveler from the coast to the interior. From here there is a caravan road, over which motor wagons now run to Taveta and the German district round Kilimanjaro. Several concessions have been taken up near Voi for the gathering and cultivation of fibers, the Voi river naturally attracting people to this part.

Dinner is usually at Voi, which is reached, as a rule, shortly after dusk, and the country traversed during the ensuing night is not of a very attractive character. The first object of interest in the morning which is sometimes visible from the train, is the snow-capped peak of Kilimanjaro, rising in solitary grandeur from the level plain, and from here to Nairobi, across the Kapiti and Athi plains, the line runs through what is practically an enormous zoological garden. These plains, extending from mile 280 to Nairobi at mile 328, are chiefly remarkable for the quantity of game, and for the myriads of ticks which practically take possession of clothes and bedding and even oneself; in the wet season when the grass is long, the ticks make life almost unbearable. The herds of harte beeste, wilde beeste, zebra and gazelles pay but little attention to the passing train, while lions have not unfrequently been seen by passengers. The whole of the district south of the railway, practically from Voi to Nairobi, forms the game reserve, which, I hope, will be jealously guarded for some time to come.

Near Machakos (mile 276), elevation 5,250 feet, which I consider to be the beginning of the white man's zone, considerable success has attended the efforts of an old pioneer of the country in cultivating fruit, the apples grown there being in very great demand.

Nairobi, at an elevation of 5,450 feet, is now practically the capital of the Protectorate. The site is an unfortunate one; a mile or two into rising ground would have made all the difference, for, owing to the lack of fall for the necessary drainage, almost insuperable difficulties present themselves to the sanitary authorities and the department concerned with the streets. The town, apart from the residential portion, has been condemned over and over again by every medical officer who has seen it. The Government have now despatched a sanitary engineer to make a report. The headquarters of the Railway, troops and Land Department are at Nairobi, and, with the exception of the Customs Department, which must necessarily be at the coast, all the Government headquarters will no doubt be established here shortly. Plague has broken out at Nairobi on more than one occasion, and is likely to do so again and in a more virulent form unless the native markets, Indian bazaars, and other places where filth collects, are properly supervised and placed under stringent sanitary regulations and entirely removed from the European quarter of the town.

Nairobi, during the four years or so that I have known it, has made rapid progress. Tin shanties and wooden shacks now give way to more solid buildings of stone of good quality, which is plentiful in the vicinity. Cricket and football grounds, a race-course and an agricultural show, all find their place in or near the town. Hotels, which four years ago were practically non-existent, have sprung up, and really excellent accommodation can be obtained. The value of land has increased enormously, and although it is perhaps difficult to believe that the present inflated prices are justified, there is apparently at present no sign of a slump. Land in the residential quarter which a few years ago was practically valueless, now changes hands in many instances at from £50 to £80 an acre, and possible more.

I think the chief object of interest at Nairobi is the French Roman Catholic Mission, a few miles out of the town. Here, under the direction of Father Burke, a very considerable acreage has been put under coffee, which has done very well, and commands good prices on the French market. Coffee throughout the Kikuyu district appears to thrive, and the trees beginning to bear in about two and a half years. Like everything else in a new country, it has its detractors, and some say that the trees will exhaust themselves too quickly; personally I am inclined to doubt the prophecy. Almost every species of garden produce is grown at the mission in profusion, and I have seen peach trees only three years old and grown from stone, literally weighed down with fruit. Some of the natives are being taught carpentering and other useful crafts, and in another part of the mission a school is being carried on for European children.

Some fifty miles south of Nairobi, at an altitude of about 2,500 feet, lies the Lake of Soda, called by the natives Lake Magadi. Although many lakes in the surrounding country contain soda, none contain it to such an extent as this one. The whole surface of the lake is covered with a coating of soda, which, I am told, is from six to eight feet thick, and is continually increasing. The East Africa Syndicate own a concession to work this soda, but so far little has been done with it.

Leaving Nairobi, the railway begins to climb the Kikuyu Escarpment, and it is here that the beautiful and attractive country begins. Signs of colonization are everywhere visible on both sides of the line, snug homesteads are springing up and land is being brought into cultivation. After cresting the Kikuyu Escarpment, the track brings one down to the fine grazing land round Naivasha, Gilgil and Elementeita, which used to form a portion of the grazing lands of the Masai. This territory has been eagerly snapped up by

settlers. Near Naivasha is the government stock farm, which I think is now certainly one of the best, if not the best, thing in the country. Here Mr. Hill shows with great pride the results of his experiments in stock-raising and crossing of the native cattle and sheep with imported stock, and on the whole the results are very satisfactory.

The first cross with a native ewe and imported merino, from the point of view of the wool, is certainly encouraging. The carcase, as is only to be expected, is poor. The second cross is, I think, disappointing, probably owing to the fact that the difference between the first cross and the native animal is so marked. The merino sheep which were brought from South Africa to the government farm, although I believe in bad condition and suffering from scab on arrival, have on the whole done well. The crossing of the native cattle with imported stock, Herefords, Short-horns and Guernseys, has also been so far successful, though it remains to be seen whether it will be better to cross with imported stock, or whether, as I understand is the opinion of many in South Africa, it will be better to breed up by selection from the pick of the native cattle, which appear to be more or less immune from many diseases. The native cattle are small, but taking to the eye, and are extraordinarily docile. Their yield of milk is very small, but its quality makes up to a large extent for its quantity, and can almost be compared to the quality of the Jersey. The hump entirely disappears in the first cross. The cross is a much bigger animal, a calf a week old being nearly the same size as a native calf of four or five weeks.

At Gilgil, the head station of the East Africa Syndicate, a flock of some four or five thousand merino sheep, imported from Australia at the beginning of the year, can be seen from the train. I do not know how these sheep have done, but it is to be hoped that this bold experiment will prove a success, as a wool industry would be the making

of the country. No doubt if sheep are to succeed, they will do so on the land between Naivasha and Nakuru, where the grass is short and sweet, having been heavily grazed by the Masai flocks. The rainfall from Naivasha almost to Nakuru is not sufficient for agricultural purposes, and cultivation, if attempted, would mean irrigation.

The next station to Elmenteita is Nakuru, at an elevation of 6,000 feet, situated some three miles from the northern shore of the lake of that name, and this in the future is likely to be a large agricultural center; it is practically the end of what is at present considered the best country for sheep. Blue gums and black wattles planted some three and a half years ago have grown to a very considerable height, and it is confidently expected that a large industry will be formed, as in Natal, for the growing of black wattle and the exportation of its valuable bark.

To the north of Nakuru and Gilgil, at a little distance from the railway, is the Likipia Escarpment and Plateau, now a reservation for the Masai, a nomadic tribe with a great reputation for bravery, which personally I believe to be exaggerated. Their favorite occupation has always been that of raiding tribes weaker than themselves and stealing cattle, an occupation they indulge in far too frequently, and it will undoubtedly give rise to serious trouble if their thieving propensities are not checked. The Masai are used by the government as allies on their punitive expeditions, a form of policy by no means generally accepted, as in the view of many it tends very strongly to maintain a spirit of tribal animosity.

North of Nakuru, and west of the Likipia Escarpment, stretches a portion of the Rift Valley to Lake Baringo, approximately one hundred miles from the railway. The country round Baringo used to be ideal for the sportsman, but it is unsuitable for settlement, dry, except in the rainy season, and hot. Game used to be very plentiful.

I remember one day some four years ago, seeing nine different species, all within an hour's walk from my camp, and two or more species could probably have been found without any difficulty. Since that time, however, this district has been heavily shot over, and I believe a good deal of the game has been driven away.

Lake Baringo, itself is worthy of a little notice. It swarms with fish, and on, I think, two islands in the middle of the lake are hot springs where cooking can be done without any difficulty. Crocodiles abound in the lake, but for some reason or other, they have never been known to interfere with the natives, who, it is not an exaggeration to say, practically kick them out of their way. I have seen them fishing up to their necks in water, paying no heed to the crocodile.

North of Baringo, and slightly west, is the country inhabited by the Suk, a very friendly pastoral tribe who resemble very much the Karamojo and Turkhana. I have seen it stated that the Suk claim relationship to the Masai, but I do not think this is likely to be correct; their dress and appearance have no resemblance to the Masai, neither have their customs.

Between Nakuru and Njoro (elevation 7,000 feet) on the south side of the line lies the main station of the property in which I am interested. Here crossing Hampshire sheep with the native has produced quite a respectable animal of a totally different type to the native, and I think that the second cross with the merino should prove about the best for this part of the country. North of the railway, beginning at Njoro, is Lord Delamere's grant of land.

As Nakuru is left, the railway commences to climb up the Mau Escarpment; at Njoro, a distance of twelve miles, it has climbed 1,000 feet, and shortly afterward, near Elbeurgon, some sixteen miles from Njoro, where Lord Delamere has established a saw mill, the scenic effects in the forest

are very grand. Giant junipers rear their heads into the mist, which prevails at this high elevation. Dank masses of creepers and lichens cling to the moisture-laden branches, and long streamers of the greybeard moss wave mournfully in the wind. From far down in the dark rifts and gorges, almost shut out from the light of day by the dense vegetation, comes the sound of mysterious running waters, and as the train flashes round the curves, plunging on its way through the gloomy labyrinths of the forest, to the traveler the mighty voice of Nature speaks in more inspiring language.

On leaving Londiani, where the road to the Ravine starts, the descent of the escarpment begins, the line still passes through gorgeous scenery and forest, through Lumbwa to Fort Ternan (5,000 feet), which, I think, is the end of the white man's country. Fourteen miles farther on, with a drop of some 800 feet, is Mohoroni, and now the railway runs more or less on the level, through a hot and uninteresting plain, which continues down to the shore of Kavirondo Bay, with the Nandi hills some few miles to the north. After passing two more stations, Kisumu, the terminus of the railway, is reached, and a journey of 584 miles, lasting approximately forty-six hours, is ended.

Near Mohoroni, cattle-grazing may possibly be carried on, but beyond that point semi-tropical products will be the rule. Cotton, ground nuts, rice and similar products should do, but the plain is not the district for a settler's permanent home. A small Indian settlement which was started a few years ago at Kibos has, I believe, been fairly successful, and more Indians are now to be imported. In German territory, on the southeast shore of the Victoria Nyanza, near Mwanza, I understand that Arabs and Indians have large plantations of rice and ground nuts, and do a very considerable trade, and I see no reason why the same should not exist in this valley.

It is most unfortunate that political and financial considerations caused it to be deemed necessary to carry the railway through this valley, and make the port on the Victoria Nyanza at Kisumu. The original survey across the Guas Ingisho to Port Victoria would have opened up a country superior in every way to the Nyando Valley, capable of supporting a considerable population and surpassing it in practical products. At Port Victoria a good harbor could have been made with some eighteen feet of water, while at Kisumu there is only about eight feet, and from the amount of refuse which is continually being washed into the bay and the harbor, it is not unlikely that in a few years dredging will have to be resorted to. Owing to the shallowness of the water at Kisumu, the boats plying on the lake have to be of very light draft, and are consequently unable to carry as much cargo as they should do.

I now propose to briefly describe the country north of the railway and the Nandi country, known as Guas Ingishu, on which the Zionists at one time cast such covetous glances.

Leaving the line at Londiani, a march of about twenty miles along a very moderate cart road, through undulating and well-wooded country, which is really part of the Mau Forest, brings one to Eldama Ravine, or, as the natives call it, Shimone, which means a waterfall. This, I think, is one of, if not the most picturesque stations in the Protectorate, situated on the top of a hill at an elevation of some 7,000 feet. It commands a magnificent view over the plains to Lake Baringo, and, a little to the west, of the Kamasia hills. Beyond this range is the valley known as the Kerio Valley, inhabited by Kamasia, Elgeyo, Mutel and Margwetl tribes, the last-named being not too favorably disposed to the administration.

Reports of the discovery of diamonds in this valley, and also in the plains between the railway and Baringo, have

been circulated from time to time, and have, I believe, caused some land to change hands at comparatively high prices, but that is all. Possibly it may be correct, as stated by various persons acquainted with the mining conditions obtaining in other countries, that discoveries have been made in East Africa, but, owing to the mining laws in force, it is not worth any one's while to proclaim a find.

Leaving Ravine Station, the native track on to the Guas Ingishu leads westward through a portion of the Mau, or perhaps more correctly the Elgeyo Forest, and the first night the camp is pitched in a small clearing, the track not leaving the forest for another couple of hours' march the following day. Juniper, a species of cedar, and podocarpus, are the chief trees in the forest, where, I believe, a timber concession is held, but a great danger to be guarded against in timber concessions up-country, which, however, I do not think applies to timber on the coast, is that a very large proportion of the cedar trees are hollow.

The majority of persons, and the number all told is but small, who have attempted to get on to the plateau proper, have been disheartened by the long grass met with the first day or day and a half after leaving the forest, and unless one goes through this small belt of the country after the grass has been burned, it does not give one the impression of being good grazing land, as the grass has a very rank appearance. This would, I am sure, be rectified once the country was taken in hand. On the two occasions that I have been through this part of the country, my first objective has been a hill called Sirgolt; on the first occasion it took me six days, and on the second occasion seven days to reach it from Ravine, and I noticed each time that the grass got much finer and shorter on about the fourth or perhaps the fifth day's march, while the pick of the whole country and the favorite feeding ground of the game has been

that piece of the country which surrounds Sirgolt for a distance of practically ten or twelve miles in each direction.

This last tract of country, which on two sides, the south and east, is bounded by dense forests, the Nandi forests on the south and the Elgeyo forest on the east, is not suitable for small holdings; it is essentially a country for large ranches, as the homestead would have to be built on the fringe of the forest and the stock-runs extended out into the open plain. When transport facilities have improved I have no doubt that cultivation will be carried on as well as grazing, but this also will have to be done on a large scale. If the country is given up to small holders they will never be able to make a living at anything, and the whole of the center of the plateau will be unused.

Near Sirgolt is a small lake of the same name, known only to a few who have visited it, and even forgotten or unknown to many of the remains of the Guas Ingishu Masai, who used to inhabit this plateau. On the plateau are to be found some curious remains of old stone kraals, or cattle pits, relics of a bygone race. These kraals, or at any rate all I have seen, are circular or oblong, but I could not see any traces of a roof, and they are built out in the open plain far from any timber or even bushes.

A short distance north of Sirgolt the bush country begins, and continues with different species of bush up to the edge of the plateau, looking over Turkwell Valley. For some two days' march or more the country is still good for grazing, but afterward the grass is rank, and rivers and swamps are the great obstacles to progress. This bush is the home of the five-horned giraffe, which caused so much discussion when brought home by Sir Harry Johnston. These beautiful animals are comparatively plentiful in this particular district, and as the country is uninhabited except for a few Wandarobo hunters,

the animal is not killed for its hide as in other parts.

From the northern edge of the plateau a marvelous view is obtained of the whole surrounding country. To the east and northeast are the wild, rugged Suk hills. North is the Turkwell River, which winds through the Karamojo district toward Lake Rudolph. Mount Debasien rises majestically to a height of over 9,000 feet sheer out of the level plain, and seem to dwarf even Mount Elgon, whose enormous size, and the fact that it rises on one side from a high plateau, detracts from its height of 14,200 feet. West of Debasien stretches another vast plain as far as the eye can see; one might imagine that there was nothing until the Nile.

The Turkwell River is the boundary between East Africa and Uganda, and let us retrace our steps along the slopes of Mount Elgon back to Kavirondo. Before reaching Kavirondo, the country called Engabumi, or the Country of the Cave Dwellers, is passed. Some of these caves are very large. The first I found was a long, narrow chamber, measuring some 210 feet to the extreme end, the doorway being carefully closed up with branches and logs. The two largest are situated in a picturesque horseshoe shaped kloof with a waterfall in the center. The first was practically divided by fallen boulders, and the two compartments were connected by a kind of passage at the back, and a long, narrow tunnel again connected this passage with a smaller cave, the distance from one extremity to the other being 400 feet and the greatest height 20 feet. The largest cave in the group in this part of Elgon was shaped like the figure 8, divided into two by a stockade across the middle, the outer portion being used as a granary, the inner as a dwelling. This was the most perfect cave I saw, its measurements being nearly 309 feet from front to back, about 150 feet across and about 30 feet high, but the size of the cavern possibly made the roof appear lower than it really was. I

only found one cave into which it was unpleasant to enter.

The origin of these caves has given rise to some speculation, but I do not think that they are anything more than the results of volcanic disturbances; they are much too extensive to have been the work of rude savages using inferior weapons, and although I had been asked to examine them for any marks which might have been made by instruments, all the marks I found were explained by a Gabumi, or cave dweller, who told me that they chipped off pieces of the walls with the butt end of their spears to provide a form of salt for their cattle.

Almost directly after leaving the caves, the northern end of the Kavirondo country is reached. This is for the most part treeless and without interest, very thickly populated, and the cultivation of matama, bananas and sweet potatoes is carried on to a very large extent. The Kavirondo own considerable numbers of cattle and sheep. Most of their villages in the north are surrounded by earthen walls and a ditch, and in some places by hedges of cacti and euphorbia.

The Kavirondo are remarkable for the fact that their younger women wear absolutely no clothing, but while dispensing with clothing they do not despise personal adornment, beads and iron wire being freely worn. A peculiar ornament is a grass tail tied round the waist generally with a string of beads. I believe that this is an emblem of marriage, and to touch one of these tails is a great breach of good manners, the offender being, I believe, liable to a fine of five goats. The men do not despise clothing, their chief pride seemingly being their head dress, generally made of basket work surmounted by numbers of beads, shells and ostrich feathers. Smoking is a universal habit among men and women. The Kavirondo natives are fair laborers for agricultural purposes, working for a low wage, and, unlike many tribes,

are willing to leave their own country for a year or more.

One object which is sure to attract the attention of the traveler through Kavirondo, is the quail decoy, consisting of a pole fastened either vertically in the ground, or horizontally on two sticks, from which are suspended numbers of conical-shaped wicker cages, each containing a quail, whose call attracts others, who in turn are caught by snares set round the poles.

South and southwest of the Mau Escarpment lies the Sotik and Lumbwa, both pre-eminently suitable for stock, and by far the finest cattle in the Protectorate come from the Sotik. The country on the southwest slopes of Mau, before the Sotik country proper is reached, is more unlike Africa than anything I have ever seen or heard of. It is a wooded country at an elevation of somewhere between 7,000 and 8,000 feet, with large open clearings some thousands of acres in extent, and with belts of trees, generally on each side of clear streams. This country is very well watered and is, I think, the finest grazing land for cattle in the country.

One large clearing, practically in the forest, is worth a short description. To the extent of some thousand or two acres, surrounded on all sides by forests largely consisting of cedar and bamboo, the ground is practically covered with red and white everlastings, and in the early morning, when the ground is white with apparently rime, it is as pretty a sight as one could wish for, and one which I, at any rate, never expected to see in Africa. Grasses here never seem to be very different to those usually found elsewhere, and resemble very closely those one is accustomed to see in the grazing lands of Scotland. In this part of the country, even in the middle of the day, one does not look for a shady tree, but rather is inclined to sit in the sun for comfort.

This little sketch of our Protectorate in East Africa, incomplete as it is, will be still more so without a few words on the Kikuyu country, between Nai-

robi and Fort Hall, but of this part I can only speak from hearsay.

Land has been taken up in this direction to a very large extent, but apparently very little has been done toward its development, and a railway between Nairobi and Fort Hall is badly wanted. Labor in Kikuyu is cheap and plentiful; it is indifferent in quality, the price paid being from six to eight shillings a month, including food. It would appear to be the country where the comparatively small farmer will do better than in other parts, owing chiefly to the number of streams, and I should imagine that the soil is more fitted for cultivation than for grazing. Coffee seems to do well, and many people are trying fibers, chiefly ramie and wild banana. At and beyond Fort Hall, except on the hills of Kenia, the country falls away to lower levels, and here cotton is being grown, and will no doubt be produced in large quantities if railway facilities are forthcoming. Northward of Kenia, between Rudolph and the Abyssinian border, little is known of the country; the natives there possess considerable numbers of sheep and cattle.

And now a word or two in conclusion on the country as a whole. It has, I think, a future, but is not by any means a country for a man to go to without capital, and the chief reason for this is not the country itself, but the system which obtains there. If a man could start working his land on his arrival in the country, it would be a different state of affairs, but owing to the country being practically unsurveyed, a man has to wait months before he gets his land, and as often as not after he has spent some six months looking for land, living in hotels or even camps, he has not sufficient capital left to develop his land when he gets it.

The country has many possibilities; it has no specialized industry, and probably the best thing for a man to do who wishes to make money, and not only to provide himself with a perma-

ment home in the country, is to take up land in the highlands, where he and his family can live as they would in Europe, and also to take up some land in the coast belt, where he can grow rubber and other valuable crops, which should bring him a handsome return. In this way he will be able to live in a healthy climate, and pay periodical visits of inspection to what will probably be his most valuable asset.

There are many industries which could be carried on in the highlands, one of the most promising and at the present time most profitable being dairy farming, but settlers own comparatively few cattle, and the price of cows and their small yield of milk, together with other risks, make it impossible at the present time for butter to be produced cheaply enough to compete with Australia and New Zealand. The breeding up of herds is always a slow process, and really the only chance that the majority of colonists have of stocking their farms is when the government has had trouble with some tribe, and sells the cattle they confiscate. Pigs have been found to do remarkably well, and the bacon industry would naturally go hand in hand with dairy farming.

I do not think that the country will ever compete in cereals with Canada and America, although there will always be a considerable local market. The export trade as far as crops go will have to consist of more valuable products, and probably oil seeds, coffee, black wattles, tobacco, fibers, rubber, cotton and copra will be most extensively grown. It is only to the last of these, however, that capital will be attracted in the first instance, to any extent.

It is a thousand pities that the land

is in such a state of chaos, and I believe I am only quoting the words of Sir Charles Elliot, spoken at a lecture which was given either at the end of last year or the beginning of this, when he said that among the more senior officers of the administration there was no one conversant with the question of land settlement in other colonies. If the government wish to have the beautiful highlands inhabited by a prosperous white population, it is absolutely essential that there should be an official to deal with the situation who has had experience of white colonists, and it is satisfactory to note that in the recent appointment of a land officer the government appear to be making an effort in this direction.

To facilitate administration, it would probably be much better to amalgamate East Africa and Uganda; many expenses would thus be saved. At present the country is crying out for capital for the development of the coast, railways and a hundred and one things inseparable from all industries, without which practically no industry in the world can be carried on. I am firmly of the opinion that there is capital waiting to go into the country, if it can only find or force its way in, and I do not understand why it is made so difficult for capitalists to invest. The imports in August last were valued at over 1,000,000 rupees, over £70,000, and the exports at half a million, an increase, I think, taking a rough monthly average, of some 80 per cent. in two years on imports and of 100 per cent. in fourteen months on exports. Considerable attention is being paid to the East Coast of Africa, and unless facilities are given for the investment of capital in the British Protectorate, it will only go farther south—to German and Portuguese territory.



The Hohenlohe Memoirs.

By SIR ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

(From the *National Review*.)

THE memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst, the third Chancellor of the new German empire, which have attracted the serious attention of politicians, statesmen and historians in every European country, are now accessible to English readers unacquainted with German in a translation. Those who study them with intelligence will acquire not merely a very true idea of the personality of a distinguished man who played an important part in shaping what is now the settled policy of his country, but an accurate perception of the German aims and aspirations with which he was in enthusiastic sympathy.

Prince Hohenlohe was a courteous personage, well acquainted with the history and literature of Germany and France, a true friend, a considerate and indulgent head of a department, and a shrewd, calculating politician. His letters lack the picturesque language, the searching phrases, the vivid descriptions of men and things which lend entrancing charm to the letters of Bismarck, but they are remarkable for an idiosyncratic grace of style, and they contain many suggestive sayings and judgments on which serious readers will not fail to ponder.

In the spring of 1864 Prince Hohenlohe received a communication from his aunt, Princess Feodora of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, in which she stated that Queen Victoria wished to obtain an unbiased account of social and po-

litical conditions in Germany, and requested Prince Hohenlohe, in whom she had great confidence, to furnish her with the information required. Lord Fitzmaurice has revealed to us in his life of Lord Granville—a work which all who aspire to influence British politics should study unceasingly—that Queen Victoria was actively engaged in thwarting the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston, especially as regards Germany. Her chief agent in the Cabinet was Lord Granville. The Princess Feodora was the go-between through whose hands the communications of Hohenlohe were to reach her majesty. He wrote two letters to the Queen, one on May 4, 1864, and the other on April 15, 1865. They are very remarkable productions. The writer states the German case in the Schleswig-Holstein controversy with sobriety and skill. He explains in an admirably condensed and lucid form the state of the German mind on religious and political subjects, and he makes his own confession of faith on the eve of the great movement for the reconstruction of Germany, in which he was destined to play a distinguished part.

The two political events of the nineteenth century which seem destined to have the most abiding influence on the fortunes of Europe are the establishment of the Italian kingdom and the formation of the new German empire. Both may be traced to the influence of Napoleon's power. From 1809

to 1814 Italy was practically united under Napoleon, for Murat can hardly be described as an independent sovereign. Neapolitans, Piedmontese and Tuscans stood shoulder to shoulder in his armies, and, long after he had passed away at St. Helena, Italians who had fought in his wars would show their wounds and tell of their deeds of valor when opposed to the soldiers of Wellington in Spain, their feats of endurance during the retreat from Moscow, and the steady courage with which they faced the horrors of Beresina.

The idea of a common country was implanted in the popular mind, and it developed quickly under the dull tyranny of the governments set up in the peninsula by the Congress of Vienna. Unfortunately, from the year 1821 until Cavour came into power the national cause of Italy was upheld mainly by secret revolutionary societies. Maghella, the evil genius of Murat, recognized the Carbonari after his escape from Paris in 1813, where he had been placed under strict police observation by Napoleon. The seed he planted prospered, and the pernicious influence of secret societies is felt in southern Italy to this day. The destruction of their power in northern and central Italy was part of the great work of Cavour.

The national movement in Germany received little or no help from secret societies. After the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine, and still more after the Peace of Tilsit, the hand of Napoleon lay so heavily on the country that the necessity of uniting in order to shake off intolerable oppression was felt by men of various sorts and conditions. This was apparent in 1809.

At that moment Count Philip Stadion was the chief Minister in Austria. He was a man of great accomplishments and knowledge, a statesman whose vision was wide and clear, and who did not direct his attention merely to the small shifts of diplomacy, but took a comprehensive view of the whole condition of Austria. He thor-

oughly realized the necessity for military, administrative and social reforms, and he saw that the time had come when Austria should put herself at the head of the popular movement in Germany, if she was to keep her historic position in central Europe.

Unfortunately the sovereign whom Stadion served, though not without considerable shrewdness, was small-minded and mean. The Emperor Francis never intelligently supported his Minister, with the result that the movement of which that statesman was the soul ended in the fatal peace of Schonbrunn, consequent on the defeat of the Austrian arms at Wagram. None of Napoleon's battles had such far-reaching consequences as Wagram. It was immediately followed by the armistice of Znaim; then came the peace of Schonbrunn, and a radical change in Austrian policy took place, involving the substitution of Metternich for Stadion—an adroit, shrewd, unscrupulous and superficial diplomatist for a large-hearted, wide-minded statesman.

Stadion's project for the reconstruction of Germany with the aid of German patriotism, intelligence and culture vanished as quickly and completely as a flake of snow on a river. The eyes of patriotic Germans turned to Prussia, and after the destruction of Napoleon's army in Russia and the convention made by General York at Tauroggen, King Frederick William III. was forced to place himself at the head of the national cause of Germany. In January 1813 he fled from Berlin, where he was in semi-captivity, to Breslau. There he made an appeal to his people to vindicate their liberties, and a proclamation appeared in the official gazette of February 13, which a leading historian of the nineteenth century has called the greatest event in German history since the day that Luther nailed his famous theses on the door in Wittenberg. It called into existence the first really national army seen in Europe, and introduced universal military service. The union

of all the physical and moral force of the nation in the army had long been the dream of Scharnhorst. It was realized in February, 1813, and is the secret of all the subsequent triumphs of Prussia.

After the fall of Napoleon the German question became one of those problems in which the hard realities of life seem in contradiction to the aspirations of a nation. Between 1815 and 1848 the desire for German unity was general, but few men were clear as to the means by which it could be brought about. Powerful and representative men during the Congress of Vienna wished the old empire to be restored under the arch house of Austria. This was impossible with Metternich at the head of Austrian affairs.

There were others, not at that time very numerous, but keen observers of the realities of things, who maintained that the solution of the problem was the hegemony of Prussia and the total exclusion of Austria from Germany. Others, again, like Rotteck, admired greatly the Spanish Constitution of 1812, which reduced the authority of the crown to a shadow; some, like Karl Follen, desired a Jacobin republic, constructed on lines of which St. Just would have approved; and a good number wished for the foundation of a German federal republic organized on the Swiss model.

There was universal dissatisfaction with the arrangements made by the Congress of Vienna, except among persons whose consideration or position in the world largely, if not entirely, depended on their position at the various courts. This conflict of opinions and interests produced a fermentation in the German mind which lasted through the period of Prince Hohenlohe's youth and early manhood.

Sainte-Beuve insists that to understand a remarkable man it is necessary to study in him the influence of heredity. This is particularly true as regards Prince Hohenlohe. The Hohenlohe family is one of the most ancient

in Europe, its records being earlier than those of the Hapsburgs or the Hohenzollerns. The Hohenlohes had wide possessions in Swabia, and were independent princes of the Holy Roman Empire. They were mediatized in 1803. Prince Chlodwig Hohenlohe, the third Chancellor of the German empire, was born in March, 1819. His father was a Catholic, an amiable and refined man, sometimes witty, and even cheerful, but with a marked strain of melancholy—a characteristic which I more than once observed in his son. Prince Chlodwig's mother was of the Lutheran house of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The sons were brought up Roman Catholics; one of them took holy orders and became a cardinal. The daughters were Protestants.

This difference in religious observance had no effect whatever on the perfect unity of the family. The brothers and sisters remained always deeply attached to each other, and early training to respect religious convictions he did not share influenced Hohenlohe throughout his life. He never could conceal his impatience at unjust and unfair criticism of the Reformation. He was, however, never attracted by the Protestant view, and always remained a Catholic; but his memoirs confirm what those who knew him well could not fail to observe, that anti-clericalism was one of the strongest instincts of his nature, and that he regarded the influence of the Jesuits, and of the Ultramontane movement generally, with profound aversion, and even dismay. One of the clearest expressions of this opinion is in a letter written from Munich in May, 1846, when he was twenty-seven years of age, to his sister, Princess Amalie:

"Nothing in political life is better or worse than the transition from doubt to firm conviction. It is a bad thing because it wastes the inward life; a good thing, because it puts an end to a state of doubt. I have now reached this point. Previously I held

to the so-called Ultramontane party, because I regarded it as safe; but this idea, which had previously made me doubtful of my actions, has now disappeared. . . . The abyss to which I was being carried by the policy of the Jesuits has suddenly been revealed to me. Their intolerance, their hatred of Protestantism, which is one of their leading features, their idea that the Reformation, with all its consequences, was a mistake, that the great philosophical, literary and other splendid monuments of our history were only aberrations of the human intellect, is an absurdity. It is treachery, utterly opposed to my inmost nature, and is a sign of internal corruption and decay, which makes it absolutely impossible for me to give the smallest help to that party, so long as I place any value on the whole of my past life and my dearest convictions. I pray God for strength to deliver me from the temptations of this devilish society, which works only for the subjugation of human freedom, especially any intellectual freedom; I pray that I may never be led astray from the path of truth by promises or threats for this purpose. There must be an open breach with the whole clique, which it will be my business to bring to pass as soon as possible."

This letter, written sixty years ago, reveals the principle which governed Prince Hohenlohe's action in religious matters to the day of his death. He remained equally true through life to the political aspirations of his youth. His burning desire was for reforms in Germany which would make that country great and powerful. He was haunted by recollections of the days of the Hansa, and hoped to see his country in possession of fleets and colonies, with a dominating influence all over the world, but especially in the East.

These views are expressed in a remarkable memorandum, "On the Political Condition of Germany, Its Danger and Means of Defense," which

Hohenlohe composed during November and December, 1847:

"No one will deny that it is hard on a thinking, energetic man to be unable to say abroad, 'I am a German,' unable to pride himself on the joy of seeing the German flag flying from his vessel, to have no German consul in cases of emergency, but to have to explain: 'I am a Hessian, a Darmstadter, a Buckeburger, my Fatherland was once a great and powerful country; now it is shattered into thirty-eight splinters.' When we study the map and observe how the Baltic, the North Sea and the Mediterranean break upon our shores and that no German ship compels the pride of the English and French to give the usual salute to the German flag, ought not the hue of shame alone survive from the black, red and yellow ensign and mount into our cheeks? And must not all the whining talk about German unity and the German nation remain wofully ludicrous until the words cease to be an empty sound, a phantasmagoria of our complacent optimism, until we have the reality of a great and united Germany? The industry so long fostered by the Zollverein no longer suffices for our commerce in its present extended conditions, our rich trade seeks extraneous markets and connections over sea."

And on January 16, 1849, being at Mount Carmel, he writes in his journal:

"I am more and more convinced of the need for a speedy central organization of Germany. England and Russia are extending themselves here as much as possible. The East knows nothing of Germany. We must have a German Catholic consul in Jerusalem. Influence in the East would give (1) more power to Germany, (2) increase of German commerce and perhaps of colonization. In order to establish this influence we must make use of the religious element of the Catholic clergy. More attention must be paid to this."

"Time and I against any two others" was a saying of Cardinal Maz-

arin. It would have been an appropriate motto for Prince Hohenlohe.

On January 19, 1848, he advocated the seizure by Germany of Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete and Asia Minor. More than forty years afterward, on October 26, 1894, Count Caprivi, the second Chancellor of the new empire, who held that Germany should keep steadily in view the necessity of consolidating herself in Europe, and avoid a policy sure to bring her into ultimate collision with England, was dismissed, and was replaced by Hohenlohe. He proceeded, as far as circumstances would allow, to carry out the policy he advocated in the morning of his life. It was under him that Kiaoo Chow was annexed, a fleet commenced on a great scale with a view of wresting from England the sovereignty of the seas, and a concession for the Baghdad Railway secured, with the object of extending the influence of Germany to the Persian Gulf. Englishmen would do well to think of these things when they are told that German hopes of grasping the trident and winning the position now held by England are the idle dream of enthusiasts and does not represent the deep feeling of the German nation.

On December 31, 1866, Hohenlohe was appointed by King Louis II. of Bavaria president of the Council of Ministers, and also entrusted with the conduct of foreign affairs. Public opinion was very much divided. The wounds which Bavaria received in the war between Austria and Prussia when she took the side of the former power were still open. The great majority of the peasants under clerical influences were exceedingly hostile to Prussia. The nobility, and, generally speaking, what may be called the party of the court, as distinct from that of the king, shared the same feeling.

On the other hand, in Rhenish Bavaria and in Franconia among the industrial classes and the protestants many desired a close union with Prussia, and throughout the kingdom the Liberals and the middle classes had

the same wish because they considered it would afford them protection against Ultramontane domination. Prince Hohenlohe explained the views of his government in the Chamber of Deputies on January 19, 1867. He said the goal of his policy was the union of all the German people in one confederation, "protected from without by a powerful central government, and within by a parliamentary constitution, with concomitant preservation of the integrity of the Bavarian state and crown." He went on to declare that he would not try to form a South-West German Confederation under the protection of a non-German power, or under the leadership of Austria. He stated that Prussia was the power to which Bavaria should be allied, and, in view of making this alliance valuable, the Bavarian army must be reorganized, and he concluded by once more insisting that his policy was to prepare the way for a constitutional league with all the other states of Germany while preserving the sovereign rights of Bavaria.

A few days after this speech Hohenlohe received a letter from Freiherr von Roggenbach. That eminent statesman, one of the very best political heads of the nineteenth century, wrote, "Whoever is not blind to the dangers which this Babel of tongues is preparing for the continuance and future of our people, and for the development of the German state, must welcome your utterance with the most sincere and heartfelt joy;" and some little time afterward he received a letter from the Grand Duke of Baden, one of the most clear-sighted of German patriots as well as the most justly respected of sovereigns, which will interest those who desire a closer union of the British empire.

The Grand Duke insisted that "the class of legislation for which it is indispensable to obtain complete uniformity throughout Germany is to be found chiefly in the domain of material interests," and he goes on to point out that agreement in tariff mat-

ters would be "the first step toward a closer union of North and South." The Grand Duke of Baden was mainly instrumental in this step being taken, and it had all the consequences he anticipated.

The movement for a closer union between the North German Confederation and Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden and Hesse required for its direction the greatest prudence and care. After the changes which took place in European politics in consequence of Prussian triumphs in 1866, the Emperor Napoleon III. seemed anxious for an understanding with Austria, and made use of the tragedy of Queretaro to open negotiations with the Court of Vienna.

For that purpose an interview was arranged between him and the Emperor Francis Joseph at Salzberg. They met in August, 1867, and a full account of what took place will be found in the memoirs of Schaffle. Napoleon III., when returning to France, requested Prince Hohenlohe to meet him at the railway station in Munich. Hohenlohe went there, and on the arrival of the imperial train got into the carriage with the Emperor of the French.

I have heard him more than once tell the story of that interview, substantially the same as the account given in his memoirs. But Hohenlohe in conversation always laid stress on the pacific tone of the emperor. Napoleon III. declared that he was not opposed to German unity, nor to the South German states entering the North German Confederation, but insisted that the movement should be very gradual, as he could not restrain the warlike desires of France.

It is only fair to the memory of Napoleon III. to insist on this fact; for, however disastrous, from a French point of view, his policy may have been, in the Schleswig-Holstein question, and again after Sadowa, in the Luxembourg question, in that of the Belgian railways, and in exciting a just suspicion in Germany that he in-

tended to seize portions of German territory, it is perfectly certain that he was most unwilling to take up arms against Germany, and it is not fair to hold him mainly responsible for the disasters of 1870.

The government of Prince Hohenlohe in Bavaria will be remembered for his attitude to the Vatican Council of 1870. On January 28, 1868, a Bull appeared summoning a General Council to meet on December, 1869. It was a counterpart of the document of Paul III. convening the Council of Trent. Paul, however, invited Roman Catholic sovereigns to send Ambassadors to the Council. Pius IX. did not follow this precedent. The omission attracted universal and painful attention, especially in France. M. Emile Ollivier declared in the Chamber of Deputies that the exclusion of the sovereigns from the Council was tantamount to the Pope's introducing with his own hand a separation between Church and State, and the "Univers," the organ of Ultramontanism, truculently proclaimed that the exclusion of the Princes proved that they were outside the Church. The State, according to this paper, had become a "chaos and a sink," and all Catholics stood outside it.

Prince Hohenlohe believed that the moment had come when action might be successfully taken against the Ultramontane party. Haneberg, the learned abbot of St. Boniface, gave him a most alarming account of the power of that party in Rome. The Prince therefore issued a circular note to the Bavarian diplomatists, instructing them to call the attention of the governments to which they were accredited to the Ultramontane danger with a view of common action. The President of the Swiss Federal Council sent, in consequence, an inquiry to the Prussian Minister at Berne as to the intentions of Prussia.

The question therefore became European. Bismarck informed the President that Prussia did not share the anxiety with which the Council was

generally regarded. He thought that a remedy would be found in a natural reaction within the Catholic world. Count Arnim, the Prussian Ambassador at Rome, treated Hohenlohe's proposals with that want of political sagacity which neutralized his many brilliant gifts. Beust, who then directed the foreign policy of Austria, took in this, as in all other questions, a most superficial view, and seemed to think he had answered Prince Hohenlohe by describing his proposals as a "Liberal rocket." Daru, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, was willing to support Hohenlohe, but it was impossible to induce the Emperor to sanction a step which would be displeasing to the clerical party. Belgium, Holland, England and Spain declined likewise, although for different reasons, to move in the matter. Minghetti, in Italy, though more sympathetic, was ineffective. Prince Hohenlohe's proposal therefore fell through.

What subsequently passed at the Vatican Council lies outside present consideration. It is fairly certain, however, that if Hohenlohe had been listened to some dark pages in the history of Church and State would not have been written and the continent of Europe would have been spared the tumult of the present hour. Long before the Council was over the government of Hohenlohe in Bavaria came to an end, and the day the Council met for the last time was that on which war was declared between France and Germany. With this event an immense change took place in the life of Prince Hohenlohe, who soon became a person of the greatest consideration in Europe, and on the recall of Count Arnim in 1874 was made German Ambassador in Paris and played a significant part in history. I have described in a former number of this review (the "National Review") the attitude and conduct of Hohenlohe during the crisis of 1875, when Germany attempted to pick a quarrel with France for the purpose of practically destroying the resources

of that nation. I need not repeat that story. His intrigues against the Cabinet of the Duc de Broglie in 1877 will be viewed differently according as we take a German, a French, or an English point of view. But on the whole I think the period of his embassy in Paris is one of the least creditable in his career.

The memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe seem to have made an unpleasant impression on superficial readers. They bring out certainly much that is little and common among those who have played a great part on the stage of European history. But they have not revealed to well-informed persons anything very new. Prince Hohenlohe alludes to the mean and jealous disposition which, in spite of his great genius and many splendid qualities, impaired the character of Bismarck. He says that Bismarck tried to cripple his administration in Alsace-Lorraine, because there was a question of the governorship of the annexed provinces being made hereditary in the family of Hohenlohe, whereas Bismarck had not been made the hereditary Duke of Lauenburg.

Hohenlohe was not a man to make lightly a charge of this kind, and every one knows that Bismarck was capable of great meanness. At the time of his dismissal he went to the Empress Frederick, whom, in the days of his power, he had treated in an unmanly and scandalous manner, to beg of her to intercede with her son on his behalf. His cringing behavior on that occasion was contemptible in the extreme. When Napoleon once attacked Talleyrand in an outrageous manner, that statesman shrugged his shoulders and said: "Quel dommage qu'un si grand homme soit si mal élevé!" When the Empress Frederick saw Bismarck whining at her feet she must have thought it a pity that so great a man should be so mean.

But perhaps the most interesting portion of these memoirs is the account which Prince Hohenlohe gives of the

causes of the dismissal of Bismarck. In 1889 Bismarck introduced a bill which was to take the place of the laws against the Socialists, about to expire. The Reichstag was quite willing to accept the new measure, with the exception of one clause, giving the government power to expel Social Democrats from certain districts. Such governmental action was considered as likely to spread Socialistic ideas to parts of the country where they did not exist.

Bismarck, however, adhered to the clause. Herr von Helldorf, one of the leaders of the Conservative party, went to Friedrichsruhe to talk over the situation. Bismarck refrained from expressing any wish as to the action of the Conservative party. Herr von Helldorf and his friends interpreted this reticence as indicating that the Chancellor desired the rejection of the bill, without having any responsibility himself for that rejection. Accordingly the Conservative party voted with the Extreme Left against the measure, and the exceptional legislation against the Socialist party, which had lasted for twelve years, came to an end.

The real objects of Bismarck have for some time been known to many, but they are revealed to the public for the first time, I believe, in the Hohenlohe memoirs. In a letter dated Strassburg, April 26, 1890, Prince Hohenlohe gives an account of an hour's drive with the Kaiser, who related to him the whole story of his differences with Bismarck. He said that relations became strained in December, 1889:

"The Emperor then desired that something should be done upon the question of the workmen. The Chancellor objected. The Emperor's view was that if the government did not take the initiative, the Reichstag—in other words, the Socialists, the Centres and the Progressives—would take the matter in hand, and the government would be forced to follow them. The Chancellor desired to bring the Socialists' law, including the provisions of expulsion, before the new Reichstag once again, to dissolve the Reichstag if it rejected the law, and to take energetic measures in the event of a revolt. The

Emperor objected to this policy, saying that if his grandfather had been forced to deal with rebels after a long and glorious reign no one would have thought the worse of him. But he was himself in a different position, for he had as yet achieved nothing. He would be reproached for beginning his reign by the slaughter of his subjects. He was ready enough to act, but he wished to be able to act with a clear conscience, and first to make an attempt to satisfy the legitimate grievances of the workmen, and at least to do everything that was possible to fulfill their justifiable demands."

In a conference with his Ministers the Emperor urged his own policy, which commanded general assent, but Bismarck, while pretending to submit, continued to intrigue actively and secretly against the views of his sovereign. Friction arose, and increased in consequence of Bismarck's appeal to the Prussian Cabinet Order of 1852, hindering Ministers, other than the President of the Council, from free access to the Sovereign. The Emperor demanded the repeal of the Cabinet Order; Bismarck made a show of consent, but nothing was done. The Emperor, therefore, demanded he should either issue an order of repeal or hand in his resignation, and this decision was communicated by Hanke. Bismarck hesitated, but was forced to resign on March 18.

Bismarck intended to quarrel with the Reichstag for rejecting the Socialist law. How he intended to prosecute this conflict is not revealed in Hohenlohe's memoirs. Considerable light, however, is thrown upon his intentions by Dr. Delbrück, in the "*Preussische Jahrbücher*" of October. The Chancellor, it appears, wished a dissolution, and resolved to put down any tumultuous or riotous demonstration with energy. But it must be remembered that the old Socialist law did not expire till the autumn of 1890; elections might have been held while it was still in force. It is difficult to see why serious rioting should have been apprehended. The cause has now been told for the first time, I believe, by Dr. Delbrück in the article just cited. This

extremely well-informed gentleman tells us that Bismarck intended to do away with universal suffrage, and Dr. Delbrück appears to think that he desired after his dismissal to go back into office in order to carry out this plan.

This explains the whole situation. Prince Bismarck seems to have held that the German princes together had a right to dissolve the Empire and reform it on another basis. He reckoned that the army would stand by him, that all opposition would be crushed, and that the middle classes would ultimately accept with cordiality the new order of things. It is idle, of course, to speculate what might have been the result of such a policy.

It is quite certain, however, that the idea of a coup d'état was contemplated by many persons in Germany. There was a great desire to get rid of universal suffrage, statesmen not always remembering that universal military service and universal suffrage in the minds of the present generation of Germans stand and fall together. During the time that Hohenlohe was Chancellor it was again discussed, when there was a movement in Germany to reform the proceedings of court-martials. A number of influential people desired that these proceedings should be private.

I remember at that time meeting Prince Hohenlohe during one of his visits to Paris, and there is no indiscretion now in my saying that he expressed himself strongly, and before a number of people, in favor of publicity. He pointed out that when he was Minister in Bavaria he introduced a military penal procedure in which publicity was provided for, with no injurious effects on the discipline of the army. He, therefore, made up his mind to oppose any project excluding publicity, if the Prussian Minister of War should do so also.

In his memoirs he mentions, under the date of November, 1895, a document which he received from a Bava-

rian acquaintance, whose name is not mentioned, but whom I recognize as *Freiherr von Völderndorff*. *Völderndorff* was in many respects the most gifted permanent official I have known in any country. He joined to a great knowledge of routine a remarkable grasp of mind, and in political matters always took a comprehensive view very exceptional among men who have spent their life in a public office. He urged Hohenlohe on no account to support a bill excluding publicity, and he writes:

"If his Majesty only knew what harm he is doing by maintaining the opposite point of view! I ascribe, too, the late increase of lese majeste to this opposition. If the court has the power, as is the case with us, of excluding the public whenever it appears necessary for the safeguarding of discipline, then there can be no danger. I repeat, with as many dissolutions as you like, you will never get a Reichstag together that will pass a military penal procedure without publicity."

Shortly after the receipt of this letter Prince Hohenlohe prepared a memorandum which reveals the views taken in high quarters in Berlin. He wrote:

"I know that a number of politicians and highly placed busybodies are doing their best to discredit me with his Majesty. They want another dissolution, and pretend there is need of energetic action. What can they gain by this? A conflict with the Reichstag leads to dissolution and to fresh elections, and thus to a defeat of the Government. Another dissolution and a coup d'état may lead to a conflict with the federated Governments, to civil war, and the dissolution of the German Empire. Then foreign countries would not look on quietly, but would interfere—at least, France would."

And then, in the early part of the next year, he points out how the change in Germany to an industrial State must alter the situation: "On account of that change the population is strengthening in the great town and industrial districts, upon which the Crown cannot depend, whereas the agricultural population provides the real support of the monarchy."

These memoirs make no mention of Hohenlohe's attitude to England during the Boer war, and, what is more re-

markable, of his action in regard to the Kruger telegram of January, 1896. I have the very best reason for believing that he induced the Kaiser to alter the original draft of that telegram, which, if it had been published as it stood, would have rendered war between England and Germany inevitable. I have heard him say before many people that he did not approve of the telegram. Very likely not, for he desired a European combination against England, and did not wish that Germany should drift into war with this country without allies. Ingenuous Englishmen have been asked to believe that the Kruger telegram was an impulsive act of the Kaiser. The truth is it was discussed at a Council of Ministers, and it was sent in the hope that other powers would join Germany in active hostility to England. This was revealed by Prince Hohenlohe's successor, Prince Bülow, when he said in the Reichstag (Dec. 12, 1900):

"I have not the slightest intention of disavowing that telegram, by which his Majesty gave correct expression to his sense of the law of nations. . . . I am guilty of no diplomatic indiscretion when I say that the telegram had, at any rate, this good effect, by virtue of the reception which it met, not in Germany, but outside Germany—it had the merit of making the situation so far clear to us that its reception obviated all possibility of a doubt that in the event of a conflict with England in Africa we should have had to rely solely upon our own strength. From the perception of this fact a conscientious Government was bound to draw its own conclusions, and we drew our conclusions."

In the diplomatic campaign that followed the sending of the Kruger tele-

gram Hohenlohe was one of the most active and perfidious of our enemies. He gave vent to his feelings on one occasion to a leading European diplomatist, when, talking over the Boer war, he exclaimed in bitter tones, "Ah, si la France avait voulue," and they are clearly shown in a letter which he wrote on the occasion of the death of Queen Victoria. In that letter he speaks of "the egotistical brutality of English statesmen," and uses language strange in the mouth of the Minister of a country holding Frenchmen, Danes and Poles in unwilling subjection.

But in truth, Hohenlohe's knowledge of this country was even more superficial than that of most of his countrymen. With English literature he had little acquaintance. He knew, of course, something of industrial England, but nothing of the greater England of poetry and romance. Moreover, the moment he was called to play a practical part on the stage of history synchronized with the time when England was governed by Mr. Gladstone, of whom a great man once remarked to me that he stood with his hat in his hand in the Council of the nations, apologizing that England was a great power.

Hohenlohe, clear-sighted and intelligent, will hardly be considered by historians as a statesman of the first rank, but his most ardent wish was for the greatness of Germany, and, as I have already remarked, he represented in a very striking degree the feelings and aspirations of his countrymen.



The Counsels.

(Translated from the Spanish of ANTONIO DE TRUEBA.)

By ANDREW MARSHALL.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

I.

NEIGHBOR! Neighbor!"

"What is it, Senor Anton?"

"Will you oblige me with a little salt?"

"If it were beaten gold! What! are you going to be a cook?"

"No, indeed, senora; but I have picked up in the street a rather flavorless story, and I'm going to see if I can season it a little."

"What notions you have! Well, whatever it is, here is the salt; and if you want more——"

"Many thanks, neighbor."

"Don't mention it, Senor Anton."

Well, sir, this fellow was a soldier whom they called Juan Kick, not because he was in the habit of "kicking" or cavilling or raising objections; but, seeing that he never "kicked" at all, his captain, whose orderly he was, and who was very fond of him, was always repeating to him, "Juan, kick!"

Juan got his discharge, and made up his mind to go back to his native town, which was a long way off, and where he had his wife; for it should be mentioned that, as he was a little affected to objecting, he married very young the daughter of the sacristan of the town, without considering that that might happen which in fact did happen—namely, that he might be drawn for the army, and that he and his wife should suffer the dismal affliction of seven years of separation.

Juan danced with joy for two reasons: first, because he was going to see his wife, whom he had not seen for seven years; and, second, because he would return to his town with thirty thousand reales.

That Juan should have a wife needs no explanation, for a wife is easily got; but that he should have thirty thousand reales decidedly needs one, for thirty thousand reales are not got so easily as a wife.

When Juan was with his garrison company in Jaca, his master sent him to the Pyrenees with a letter for an officer of carbineers who was stationed on the frontier.

"But, sir, I'll get lost in these deserts, because I don't know the road."

"Wherever you be, do what you see," answered his master.

Juan set out with his musket on his shoulder to defend him, and with this counsel in his memory to guide him, and trudged on and on till he came to the foot of a mountain. It was very hot, and he sat down under a tree to rest himself and see if any one might pass to show him the way he had to go. He looked up to the hill-top, and discovered a man moving along the height leading two pack mules.

"Wherever you be, do what you see," the captain told me. I see that muleteer is going over the top of the mountain and consequently that is the way I must go," said Juan to himself; and

he set off uphill just as the muleteer was disappearing over the summit.

No sooner had Juan reached the top and begun to go down the other side than he came right upon the muleteer, who was resting in the shade of some trees.

The muleteer, who suddenly saw a soldier appear before him only six paces off, jumped up like a shot, and, leaving his pack-mules, fled through some brambles down the hill.

Juan saw that the fugitive was a smuggler; and taking hold of the reins of the pack-mules, he led them along, and continued on his way till he met the captain of carbineers to whom he was carrying his master's letter.

The pack-mules were loaded with very valuable smuggled goods, and Juan pocketed a few days later a third part of the value of the prize, which the law gives to the capturer.

This is where the thirty thousand reales came from, which Juan's master was keeping for him when he took his discharge.

II.

Juan has exchanged his musket for a staff, his leather belt for a silk sash, and his cartouche for a tin box. Behold him half-sad and half-glad as he takes leave of his captain—sad because he likes his captain very much, and glad because he likes his wife very much more.

"Hola! Well, then, you're going?"

"Yes, senor, my captain, if you please."

"Juan, kick! Kick much, for to live you'll require it all!"

"Captain, if you would give me, before I start, one or two good counsels for the journey you would make a man of me."

"Let's see. What kind of life do you mean to live when you get home?"

"To live as God may ordain, with my wife and my father-in-law."

"Your father-in-law is a man who knows how to live?"

"What can I say, captain? He stud-

ied for the Church, and just when he was ready to be ordained he cut his own head off by getting married, as I did, to a young girl who died when my wife was born. As the Church threw him out, he got the post of town sacristan; but he has little to live upon, for, as the proverb says, the sacristan's money comes singing and goes singing."

"And your wife—she lives with her father?"

"She should be living with him."

"What! you don't know for certain?"

"No, senor."

"How, then—she doesn't write you?"

"Not never, captain."

"And how is that?"

"Because since I took the musket she never knows where I am."

"And why haven't you written to tell her?"

"I can't write."

"But, man, you could have got some one to—"

"Yes, senor; yes, captain. But when a man's dictatin' he has to kick!"

"Juan, kick! If not, you're a lost man!"

"Captain, if you would give me a couple of law advices I would have them by me to use like that time I caught the smuggler."

"Good counsels are worth a good deal of money."

"I know that, captain, as the one you gave me in Jaca was worth thirty thousand reales to me."

"Then we'll make a bargain. I'll give you a good counsel; but you'll have to give me for it ten thousand of the thirty thousand reales I'm keeping for you."

"Canario, captain! ten thousand reales is too much!"

"But if you don't go well counselled you'll lose your money, and perhaps your life too."

"You are right, captain. Give me a counsel, and keep ten thousand reales."

"Well, this is the counsel: 'When you find a short way, shorten the way.'"

"I'll keep in mind that counsel, captain. But you might give me one more."

"I've no objection; but it will cost you another ten thousand reales."

"It's very dear, captain."

"You know already that my counsels produce thirty thousand reales each."

"That's true. I'll have another little counsel, then; and you can keep another ten thousand reales, if it can't be less."

"The second counsel is this: 'Don't allow your tongue to poke into affairs of other folk.'"

"It's a grand counsel that, captain, worth a hundred times more than it costs me."

"But, look, to go fully provided, you want another yet."

"You might be able to give me an extra one."

"What I will give you extra, if you give me for it the rest of the money you have remaining, will be a gold onza for the expenses of your journey, and three fine, big, rich pies for you to eat with your wife and your father-in-law when you get home."

"No, no, captain. To be left, as you may say, without a copper, after being proprietor of thirty thousand reales—that's very poor music."

"Have you never heard that three is a lucky number?"

"Yes, I've heard that."

"Then apply the saying."

"Canario! But come, captain, you're not making me a very royal offer."

"See, Juan, don't be foolish. The money will do you no good, for, with the head you have, you'll be robbed of it, or lose it, or mispend it, before you reach home. And they can't rob you of the counsels, nor can you mispend or lose them."

"Canario! That's a fact too. Give me another counsel, then, and let the rest of the money pay for it."

"Then listen to the third counsel: 'Do nothing till you've thought twice, and from your pillow asked advice.'"

"Captain, I don't understand that counsel; for, to follow it, a man couldn't even smoke a cigarette without passing a night by the way."

"Man, you don't need to take a counsel so literally. It only means that before deciding a serious affair—as, for example, avenging a wrong—you should think well over it."

"Now, now I comprehend, captain."

"Well, then, here are a gold onza for the road, and three rich pies, which you must not begin to eat till you reach home, so that you and your wife and your father-in-law will eat them together—a pie for each beard."

"Thanks, my captain, and God be with you!"

"Juan, kick! kick! And—a good journey!"

III.

Juan Kick, as soon as he set out, engaged a shaded seat in a wagon going to his district, and journeyed and journeyed, with his box under his arm and his treasure of counsels in his memory, resolved to put these in practice as soon as occasion arose. When he reached the foot of a long hill which the high-road ascended by many windings, Juan remembered the counsel, "When you find a short way, shorten the way," and saw that the moment had arrived for making use of it.

"I'll see you again soon," he said to the driver. "I'm going up this way."

"Take care! Only wild-goats go that way."

"There's no short way without labor to pay," cried Juan, and he scrambled and scrambled up the short-cut till he got to the high-road again, when he sat down by the roadside to rest and wait for the arrival of the wagon.

The wagon took a long time, and Juan had already given up hope of it, when at last he saw it coming.

But what was his surprise to see the driver with his face all bloody, the guard with his arm broken, passengers bruised all over, and driver, guard and passengers all lamenting the misfortune that had happened to them! The misfortune was that, at a turn of the road, a band of robbers had rushed out on them, beaten

them, and robbed them of everything they could carry off. Juan Kick shed tears of gratitude when he thought of his captain, whose counsel had saved him from this calamity, and continued on his way.

As Juan now took all the short-cuts which turned up, he got far ahead of the wagon, and, miscalculating his time for arriving at a good inn, night overtook him in an uninhabited part of the country, with no dwelling in sight. At last he discovered, not far off the road, a small tavern; and, although the place had a very ill look about it, he decided to pass the night there.

He rapped and rapped at the door, and at last a villainous-looking man with a candle in his hand came out to open to him.

"Is this an inn?"

"Yes, *senor*."

Juan entered and sat down by the fireside, where the landlord, who was the only person to be seen, was cooking a hare. Juan thought of asking him why he lived all by himself in such a lonely place. But he recollected the counsel, "Don't allow your tongue to poke into affairs of other folk," and confined himself to asking if he could have anything for supper.

"We'll sup together on this hare, with some bread and wine," answered the landlord.

When the hare was cooked the landlord placed a small table near the fire, went to a corner of the kitchen, raised a trap-door, and called out in a commanding tone, "Come up!"

Although Juan was stout-hearted, like all the uncultured, his hairs stood on end at seeing and hearing this, for all the terrible stories of murderous innkeepers which he had heard in his childhood came to the help of his imagination. His terror got to a dreadful pitch when he saw begin to rise up from the hole which the innkeeper had just opened a horrible skeleton covered with loathsome rags, whose sunken eyes stared at him as if terrified.

The skeleton was a woman, and she

squatted down timorously beside the trap-door.

Juan Kick was on the very point of asking the innkeeper who this miserable woman was, and how she came to be in such a wretched state, when he remembered his captain's counsel, and held his tongue.

Innkeeper and guest sat down to supper, the former at his ease, the latter in terror, and both without saying a word.

Now and then the innkeeper threw to the skeleton a scrap of bread or a bone, which she eagerly devoured.

Supper ended, the innkeeper got up, and with a rude push drove the skeleton into her den. Then he fastened the trap-door with an outside latch and sat down quietly beside the fire.

Once more Juan found himself assailed by the temptation to ask the innkeeper why he treated the wretched woman in this way; but again he remembered the second counsel of his captain, and swallowed down his words.

Soon afterward the innkeeper and his guest lay down to sleep.

But do you think the guest closed his eyes that night with such a panic at the bottom of his heart? No! Nor his nostrils either! Juan Kick for the first time in his life passed the night kicking.

So, when God brought the dawn, he paid his reckoning, and, taking his bundle, prepared to depart.

"Well, what sort of night have you passed?" asked the innkeeper.

"First rate."

"You leave pleased with my house?"

"Why not?"

"Did you notice nothing unusual, then?"

"Won't you shut up, man?"

The innkeeper threw himself on Juan Kick with open arms, and Juan Kick started back alarmed and prepared to defend himself.

"Don't be afraid, my friend," cried the innkeeper, almost weeping with joy. "Let me embrace you. You are the man I have been looking for these

four years. You have brought peace to my house. You have saved mankind!"

The tone in which the innkeeper spoke was so quiet that Juan Kick yielded to his embrace and kiss. But what he could not understand was how he had saved mankind. The innkeeper, however, was not long in dissipating his doubts.

"My wife and I lived in peace and in the grace of God in a town near by, when, by reason of the neighbors meddling in our affairs, we began to quarrel, and to have a row every day that upset the house. The result of these squabbles was that my wife was coming to hate me, and one day I intercepted a letter to her which showed that she was next going to be unfaithful. Then, half-mad with rage, I swore to be revenged on my wife, and to kill any one whatever who meddled in the concerns of my house, till the day when I should come across a man who would in no way concern himself with them. I came to this lonely place, shut my wife in the cellar, and I have stayed here four years. I have killed and buried in my wife's prison every man who entered my house, as I would have killed and buried you if, like the others, you had mixed yourself in my affairs, asking me what did not concern you."

And while Juan stood dumfounded between horror of the innkeeper and of the danger from which the captain's counsel had saved him, the man ran to the trap-door, opened it, and cried in an affectionate tone, "Come up, dear! Come up! Thou art pardoned now. Now thy punishment and mine are over. Now I am free from my oath. Now thou shalt leave forever the dungeon and rags. Now we are going to our pretty house in the town, and I shall set fire to this cursed place."

And the spectre came up from her cellar weeping with joy. And the innkeeper, after taking from a chest a rich dress, set to work to take off her rags and dress her in beautiful clothes;

while Juan hurried from the inn without having recovered from his terror and astonishment.

As Juan crossed a hill, where he lost sight of the inn, he looked behind him and saw that it was in flames, and a man and a woman—the woman leaning on the man—were walking toward a town whose spire he could faintly see in the distance.

IV.

Juan Kick, trembling with joy, at last caught sight of the belfry of his native town, and heard the bells chiming the orison.

The author of this tale knows by his own experience what a man feels on seeing again after a long absence the church spire that overshadowed him and the bells that cheered him when he was young; but he does not dare to profane the holy and sweet thought by explaining it superficially in a three-for-sixpence tale, having already consecrated to it a book sprinkled, if not with the sparks of his genius, at least with the tears of his eyes.

The joy of Juan Kick found itself very soon disturbed by fear. "Who will tell me," he exclaimed, "that my wife is not dead, or that she has not become unworthy of an honest man's love?"

The last doubt hurt him even more than the first. Ah, what an egoist and arch-egoist is malicious humanity!

Night had already closed, but there was a lovely moon. Juan's house, or rather the sacristan's, was at the entrance to the town. Part of its front looked on a garden. In the garden there was a leafy hazel, and in it Juan hid himself to see who would enter or leave the house, or to hear who might be speaking in it.

Presently the door half opened and a priest appeared, who, muffling himself up in his cloak, said in an affectionate voice to a woman. "For a very little, dear," and went away.

Juan put his hand to a clasp-knife that he had bought in the first town

he came to after leaving the before-mentioned inn, and hesitated between cutting to pieces the priest or his wife.

But suddenly he remembered the counsel of his captain, "Do nothing till you've thought twice, and from your pillow sought advice," and he stopped short, resolving to postpone such a serious business as the avenging of his honor till next day.

But it was needful to dissemble, so as not to frustrate his hope.

He leaped from the garden to the door and knocked at it. His wife came down to open, and, at once recognizing him, threw her arms round him with a thousand tender caresses.

Juan made a pretense of responding.

"Unkind one!" cried his wife. "Seven years without writing or telling us whether you were alive or dead!"

"You did the same."

"What a cheat! Father and I have written you more than twenty letters, and you never answered one!"

"Because I never got them."

"But we addressed them to Juan Garcia."

"But everybody calls me Juan Kick."

"How ridiculous these nicknames are!"

"And where did you address the letters to?"

"To where you might be found."

"But I've been always there."

"Oh my! that's funny. But you want your supper, don't you?"

"So, so."

"We'll have supper as soon as ever father comes in."

Juan's wife, who was still very young, finished preparing the supper and set the table. Just then there was a call at the door, and the girl took up the

lamp, saying, "It will be father," and went down to open.

Think of Juan's rage at seeing come up the stair a priest undoing his cloak, and he seemed to be the very same that he had seen leaving the house a quarter of an hour before. Throwing to the winds his captain's counsel, he drew his knife, when suddenly he gave a cry of joy, dashed the knife on the floor, and rushed to clasp the newcomer in his arms. It was his father-in-law, the former sacristan, who had been ordained priest in his absence! They all sat down to supper, and Juan brought out the pies his captain had given him, and began to tell of the three counsels which had cost him thirty thousand reales.

On the whole his father-in-law did not think the counsels dear, but his wife was in no end of a way when she understood that he might have brought thirty thousand reales and didn't bring a penny. You just try to make these lady-wives understand certain things! Nevertheless, the lady-wives are not altogether stupid.

"Well," said John, "let us try my captain's pies. He told me they were very rich." And, cutting his, he found ten thousand reales in gold inside.

His wife and his father-in-law hastened to open theirs, and both saw ten thousand reales in gold glittering in their hands. No need to say that the supper was jolly, savory, well seasoned!

What is not seasoned, what comes out as flavorless as when I met with it in the street, is this story; because—ah, what a head I have!—I forgot to put in it the salt my neighbor gave me!



The Pope and France.

By WILFRID WARD.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

I HAVE been asked to give any impressions or information in my power on the present religious crisis in France. A foreigner finds it difficult to form a confident opinion on the details of a question in which local circumstances and local passions play so large a part. Still I cannot but see that the English press is ignoring facts and considerations which to Catholics, English and French alike, appear all-important in forming an equitable judgment. Again, as a Catholic I have opportunities of hearing the point of view of French churchmen, which is very imperfectly represented in the English newspapers, and as editor of the venerable "Dublin Review," which since the days of its foundation by O'Connell and Cardinal Wiseman has endeavored to keep the English public au courant of events of importance in the Catholic world, I have secured the co-operation of colleagues, French and English, whose knowledge of the situation is exceptionally intimate, and on whose absolute candor I can rely. This is a special advantage in a case where each party so often doctors the facts to make them tell in the direction it passionately desires. I was, moreover, in Paris just after the events of the 11th of December, and can speak to the opinions current among those most closely affected by the action of the Holy See. Perhaps these credentials may seem at all events sufficient for the limited observations I shall offer.

I shall attempt, then, to summarize the views of those who have a claim to speak with special knowledge, and to point out that the almost universal opinion of Catholics as to the events now taking place differs materially from that which is generally maintained or assumed in the English press.

The general view current in England is that the Separation Law is directed against the encroachments of clericalism and against a political Catholicism which is a danger to the State. It is, I think, recognized that the law is somewhat hard on the Church. But the trend of opinion is (we are often reminded) with the anti-clericals. The French Church must submit, as our own Established Church has had to submit in England, to have its privileges curtailed, or as the "Church of Ireland" had to submit to disestablishment.

The attitude of MM. Clemenceau and Briand has (it is pointed out) been in a certain degree conciliatory. M. Briand's measure itself is liberal as contrasted with earlier proposals. They both seemed disposed at the outset to apply it so as to give the Church real freedom in its own sphere of religious influence, and to effect the process of disendowment gradually and not inconsiderately. This attitude and spirit are recognized (it is asserted) by moderate and liberal-minded Catholics who have concurred with the opinion of the episcopate, which is supposed to have decided by a large majority that the As-

sociations Cultuelles described in the law might be formed and worked. The large bulk of the clergy also were in favor of forming the Associations. But Rome, caring only for her own power, or wishing to embarrass the government, or yielding to German influence, and represented by a Pope and Secretary of State innocent of sound judgment or diplomatic tact, has overridden the wishes of the French Catholics. Rome, by forbidding the formation of the Associations, has decreed a state of persecution and spoliation for the hapless clergy of France. As loyal Catholics they have accepted it, but sorely against the grain.

The same thing has happened in respect to M. Briand's circular of the first of December, regulating public worship in the absence of Associations Cultuelles. M. Briand imposed on the priests the mere formality of an annual declaration of public meeting, giving thereby a liberal interpretation to the act of 1881, which in its more obvious sense required a declaration for each service, as being a separate meeting. Bishops and priests have obeyed the papal directions which forced them to do what they were unwilling to do—to decline making the declaration. Rome has, by her whole policy of non possumus, endeavored to create a fictitious impression of a persecution on the part of a government, when in reality her own action is responsible for the persecution. The bulk of Church property could have been saved, had the Associations Cultuelles been formed. It was Rome who refused to form them. The Church services could have gone on legally after the 11th of December, had the declaration required by the law of 1881 been made. Rome refused to allow it, and thus rendered the clergy liable to fine or imprisonment.

The view to which the best information at my disposal points, and which is not, I think, adequately realized in England, maintains almost every fact assumed in the account just given to

be either inaccurately stated or wholly false. And I may add that in holding it to be essentially false many Catholics whose views are comparatively conciliatory and progressive are at one with the most intransigent.

M. Paul Sabatier, in his recent book on Disestablishment in France, written for the instruction of English readers, speaks of the enlightened French Catholics of the new school as likely to come "nearer and nearer to the democracy and the free-thinkers." The general impression left on the minds of M. Sabatier's readers is that it is the intransigent Catholics, the political opponents of the government, who alone decry the act of 1905 and accuse its framers of hostility to the Church.

The present writer may say at once that, when visiting Paris for some days on the 16th of December last, he derived most of his information from M. Thureau-Dangin, the distinguished Academician, one of the twenty-two who joined the late M. Brunetière in petitioning the Pope for measures of conciliation, and the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, whose name is familiar to English Catholics as a representative of the comprehensive theology of the "*Revue du Clergé Français*," and whose recent work, "*La Pensée Catholique en Angleterre*," has been so fiercely attacked in the "*Etudes Religieuses*" by the more Conservative French Jesuits. No Royalist or Intransigent, not the Comte de Mun or M. Drumont himself, could speak more strongly than did these able writers against the injustice and insolence displayed by successive governments in the whole course of anti-clerical legislation since 1901.

But, indeed, M. Sabatier largely misconceives the nature of the differences among Catholics both in France and in our own country. He writes with delightful naïveté of the "intellectual and moral differences between the clients of St. Januarius and the Catholics formed in the school of Newman," apparently not knowing that Cardinal

Newman went out of his way in the "Apologia" to avow his belief in the very miracle thus singled out as the symbol of contemptible superstition—the annual liquefaction of that saint's blood in Naples. The religious liberalism of the last century, free thought, the destruction of established religion, these were the great objects of Newman's attack for the first half of his life. His conservative philosophy of religion on Coleridgean lines—parallel on some points to Burke's political philosophy with its defense of prejudice as often the practical safeguard of wisdom—was opposed in its first principles to the whole Jacobin movement, of which French anti-clericalism is the representative.

Newman's philosophy was, moreover, largely a defense of what is to M. Sabatier credulity and superstition. M. Sabatier's reference to him is unfortunate and fortunate—unfortunate for his own argument, fortunate as reminding his readers how little familiarity he has with the currents of Catholic thought of which he writes so fluently, and how little he can be trusted as an authority on this subject.

Before setting down in outline the general view of the situation taken, I think, by the bulk of French Catholics, and the differences between the more intransigent and the more conciliatory, I should like to remind those Englishmen whose memory is short, of the complete falsification by the event of the view which our press took at first of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's legislation for the religious orders in 1901. This was the first stage of the campaign against the Church of France of which we are now witnessing the development. Our journalists wrote then very much as they write now. Then, as now, they urged that the object of the law was not hostile or persecuting. They pointed to M. Waldeck's assurances that the religious congregations would not be interfered with, except so far as was necessary to prevent them from being a political danger. They

were to apply for authorization by law. Such an application was to be in most cases a mere matter of form. Authorization was to be given except where strong reasons could be shown for withholding it.

When a cry of terror arose from monks and nuns, and community after community left the country, declining to come within the meshes of the law, our press then, as now, accused them of impracticable fanaticism. Then, as now, the sympathy of Rome with their action was decried as being inspired by political reasons and as savoring of hostility to the republic. When the orders took refuge in Belgium and England and elsewhere, pleading for the hospitality due to persecuted men and women, our press retorted that the cry of persecution was a "pose." They had in reality exiled themselves rather than submit to a reasonable law, which for most involved a mere formality.

Those who remained in France were applauded as men of common sense and genuine patriotism, who trusted the assurances of the rulers of their country that no harm was meant to them. We know the sequel. Yet let me once more record in outline, for the sake of those who may be ready to forget, the assurances of M. Waldeck as to the scope and intention of the law, and their practical interpretation by his successor.

(1) On the 27th of June, 1901, M. Waldeck declared in the Chamber that the bill, so far as it was meant to dissolve the orders, was designed only to "disperse those monks who are plotters against the State and those who interfere in politics."

(2) To Dominicans, Benedictines, Carthusians and others it was represented that they had only to go through the formality of applying for authorization as an act of submission to the State, and they would be left unmolested.

(3) With a view to helping the government in its peaceful and paternal work they were asked to give all par-

ticulars of their property and their numbers, which it would not be very easy for the government itself to obtain.

(4) There were many houses and schools belonging to already authorized congregations, but not themselves separately authorized. For them the question arose, Did the existing authorization of their order cover them? If not, they must decide whether to go or to apply now for authorization. M. Waldeck, in his paternal kindness, declared such an application to be quite unnecessary. The existing authorization protected them. "Let them stay." And they stayed.

Nothing is gained by hard words, and it would not be easy to find the appropriate adjectives to qualify the administration which carried out the law. Eighty-six congregations of men and two hundred and eleven of women said from the first roundly that the government simply meant their extermination; that to trust its word, its pledges, its sense of honor would be madness. Such language was stigmatized as unpatriotic, unmannerly, bigoted, fanatical. But it represented a conviction too deep to be shaken by the abuse of irresponsible onlookers. The congregations left the country, taking with them as much of their property as they could. The subsequent action of the government was directed, therefore, not against the disaffected, not against the opponents of the government, but against just those orders which had trusted it, which had accepted its assurance that the law was honestly meant for the legalization of the orders and the expulsion only of such as were "political" or "plotters against the State." M. Waldeck at this juncture retired, leaving the carrying out of his pledges and the execution of his law to his successor, M. Combes. M. Combes's method of performing his task was as follows—to take the above four heads in order:

(1) No examination whatever was made as to the charges of political

Catholicism or plotting against the State, which had been given as the only ground on which expulsion would be resorted to. The charge was not even alleged in detail against any but a handful of Assumptionists, and vaguely, but without an attempt to adduce evidence, against the Jesuits.

(2) The assurance given to Dominicans, Benedictines, Carthusians and others that, apart from such evidence, they were all to stay, was interpreted as meaning that they were all to be evicted and their whole property confiscated. Five orders only, out of the whole regular clergy of France, were suffered to remain. These were the Trappists, the Cistercians, the African Missions, the White Fathers and the Order of St. John of God.

(3) The schedules drawn up by the orders as to their numbers and their property, demanded in their own interests, in order that they might have legal standing and protection, were employed as useful documents to insure not a monk escaping nor a farthing of his money from being saved.

(4) The assurance that new houses of already authorized orders already possessed legal authorization—an assurance on the strength of which they kept themselves and their property in the country and in the power of the government—was interpreted as meaning that they were not authorized after all, and moreover that they should not be authorized now. In June, 1902, 130 schools belonging to them were closed by the government; in July, 2,500 more were shut up.

To make his work quicker, M. Combes got rid for the occasion of the controlling influence of the Senate. One Chamber alone—so he decreed—should decide the fate of the orders, and a law was passed to that effect. The Senate was assigned the five orders which were to be allowed to stay. Twenty-five teaching congregations were refused authorization en bloc at one sitting of the Lower Chamber, twenty-eight at another. The rest

followed quickly. M. Combes had practically made one head for the whole monastic organism, and he proceeded to cut it off.

I recall all this not only to remind Englishmen that the view taken at first by our own press as to the tenor and probable issue of the law was at once similar to their view of the present situation and legislation, and proved to be wholly false, but also because quite inevitably the sequence of events produced the profoundest impression in Rome. And this impression has had, I believe, a large share in determining the present attitude of the Holy See. Englishmen may forget, but in such a matter not Rome, whose interests are so deeply affected.

The law of 1901 was the culmination of the attempt persevered in for some twenty years by Leo the Thirteenth and Cardinal Rampolla to "rally" Catholics to the republic, and to pursue in its regard a policy of undeviating friendliness—with at no time any substantial response. The *esprit nouveau* of M. Spüller raised hopes for a few months, but nothing came of it; and now at last open persecution and breaches of faith without a parallel in modern times came from the government of that very country, with which Rome had so persistently sought alliance and an *entente cordiale*. It was a most severe lesson, not to be forgotten.

Two views had, as we have seen, been taken even among Catholics as to the spirit and intentions of the government of 1901. One party had taken its assurances to be on the whole reliable, its motives really what they professed to be. The others quickly scented reasons for the suspicion that it had undertaken to carry out the campaign against Christianity which the Radical Socialists and Freemasons had long been urging. This second view was confirmed by fact after fact.

The judicial tone of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his assurances were now seen to have meant only that the first

step must be taken securely and without scaring either the orders or the public at large. Else the second could not be achieved. Public opinion must be enlisted on the side of the government. Political Catholicism, Clerical encroachments—these were foes which might be fought with the world's approval. Therefore, they were the only alleged objects of attack. Such an attack was, indeed, self-defense on the part of the State; and while the world held that it was forging only an effective defensive armory, it completed undisturbed its equipment and its strategic operations for a war of extermination.

Probably M. Waldeck did not in his heart desire himself to carry the campaign to its next step. But none the less that step was inevitable. The government was pledged to carry out the anti-Christian policy which was the least impracticable of the proposals of the importunate extremists who left them no peace until one or other of their demands was satisfied. The real moving power at the back of the law was thus fanatically anti-Christian. It was no case of equitable legislation, firm but not unfriendly, whose motives were political rather than irreligious. It was the beginning of a movement for the extirpation of Christianity, whose stronghold in France was the Catholic Church.

Those who had all along maintained this view naturally enough claimed that the event justified them. And the Holy See considered that they were right. "Once bitten twice shy," says the slang proverb. Henceforth to trust assurances, to believe in alleged friendly motives in the further prosecution of the campaign, would be at least rash. The orders which applied for authorization received with hardly any exceptions simply extinction and complete spoliation. And history was likely to repeat itself. Kindness and conciliation must henceforth be sharply scrutinized. They were likely again to be only the Waldeck-Rousseau stage

in the further prosecution of the campaign, to be followed by the Combes stage. The object was to get the Church within the meshes of fresh legislation, which the Ministers who introduced it might interpret in a friendly spirit, and their successors use for purposes of relentless destruction.

The story of the rupture of diplomatic relations with Rome—of which there was no hint during the reign of M. Waldeck-Rousseau—was a complete confirmation of the view that a relentless hostile campaign against the Church was on foot. I happened at the first stage of the dispute to meet a distinguished and experienced foreign diplomat whose sympathy with the Papacy as such was less than nothing. He assured me that the method pursued by the French Ambassador, M. Nisard, in refusing at the outset to specify in writing his cause of complaint against the Vatican, was a flagrant breach of diplomatic etiquette. And the pretext for the final rupture was the performance of a purely spiritual duty on the part of the Holy See. It was simply and solely the summoning to Rome of two bishops, Monseigneur Geay and Monseigneur Le Nordez, to give an answer to grave charges against them in the performance of their episcopal duties. On the ground that the Organic Articles forbade a bishop to go to Rome without leave from the government, the rupture was completed. It mattered not that the Organic Articles had never been accepted by Rome, and that such summonses had been constant and had never been objected to. Diplomatic relations were terminated and the Nuncio dismissed.

M. Clemenceau has completed this part of the dispute, displaying manners quite worthy of M. Combes himself, expelling Monsignor Montagnini from the Nunciature without warning, and confiscating the official papers, because the Pope declined to recognize as a law applying to public worship what

a fortnight later all the world agreed did not so apply.

When the Separation Law was first proposed by M. Combes the "*Journal des Debats*," which represents moderate Republican opinion in France, described in weighty words the fatal sequence which was likely to be repeated:

"M. Combes speaks of a separation which should leave a certain liberty to religion. . . . At starting we always hear only of gentle and agreeable measures. All is to be kindly, easy and peaceable. Six months later the whole country is plunged into a religious and social war. The law of associations was to be a liberal measure: it was to take account of distinctions and to admit of being temperately applied; it was to let certain religious associations live quite freely. We know how in the event it has turned out. Will it be otherwise with M. Combes' scheme of separation? The President of the Council enunciates to-day large views, fitted to rally round him all the waverers, and to make sure of the good will of Radicals who have become hostile."

And this has been from the beginning the anticipation in Rome as to the course of the measures for the separation of Church and State. Catholics looked forward in dismay, not to a free Church in a free State, which they would gladly accept, but to the new endeavor to cripple its power of free action, which was to be expected, though the first offers were likely enough in part to disguise it. M. Buisson had, indeed, early in the day let the cat out of the bag and pointed to a separation law as likely to break the strength of the Church by opening the door to schism.

The attitude of Rome may perhaps be paraphrased thus:

"The Concordat was a bilateral contract. Each party—Church and State—was represented in its formation. Rome accepted in it a very inadequate compensation for the Church property confiscated at the Revolution. In justice, if it is rescinded, the claim to the confiscated property should be revived. But let this pass. We are ready to bow to the inevitable and to submit to disestablishment, if the Church is given real autonomy. But it is the merest folly to accept uncritically a measure framed mainly by men who are, we know, aiming at our destruction, and whose apparent concessions are in all probability disguised

snarers. Let us have a voice in the arrangement. Let us point out what is essential for our liberty, what is tolerable from our point of view and what is not. Why is the French Church to be limited in its power of providing financially for the future? Why is it to have State auditors for its accounts? In Prussia, again, where the State and Church are friendly, the parish priest is *ex officio* the head of an association of worship. Why not in France? How can it be reasonable to ask us to accept a law framed by our enemies? Even if their intentions were fair, they are not familiar with the constitution of the Church. And, in point of fact, the probabilities of the case point to hostility only disguised so far as is necessary for the sake of appearances.

"M. Clemenceau has for years bragged of his aggressive Atheism. His ribald jokes about 'Satan, his noble father,' do not give confidence in him as an ecclesiastical legislator. He may have remarkable, even great, qualities as a statesman. But on this subject his real aims are not likely to be very different from those of M. Combes. As recently as the 19th of June M. Clemenceau caused a sensation in the Chamber by a blasphemous speech about Christianity. In August M. Briand, in addressing a congress of teachers at Amiens, remarked: 'Il faut en finir avec l'idée Chretienne.' Two years ago, at Lisieux, he boasted in a public speech, 'Nous avons chasse Dieu et le Christ des ecoles, de l'universite, des hopitaux, des prisons; il faut maintenant les chasser du gouvernement.' M. Briand was the original author of a Separation Bill more hostile to the Church than it was thought wise to introduce. He has since then learned the wisdom of professing moderation; but a man with such avowed desires is hardly one to regulate the administration of religion or to be trusted with the interests of the disestablished Church. If such men are to legislate let us either have a real conference, in which our own representatives can point out what is necessary to us, or let us be prepared to give as wide a berth as may be to their proposals. Their legislation is likely enough to be so framed as to give facilities when the opportune moment comes for further hampering and crippling the Church even where we do not at present detect them."

This appears to be what I may term the initial root-attitude of Rome, with which it has approached the closer consideration of the actual proposals; and it is one in which on the whole the large bulk of French Catholics concur. They thus repudiate, as I have above said, every item in the view current in the English press. They deny that the Separation Law is directed only against political Catholics, and affirm, on the

contrary, that it is directed against the Church, and against Christianity itself in the long run. They deny that Clemenceau and Briand have been actuated by a genuine aim of permanent conciliation. They hold that apparently conciliatory steps are temporary and are due to the fact that such stable statesmen see that these will best secure the end to which the new legislation tends. They are, as I have expressed it, the Waldeck-Rousseau stage of the Separation Law and will sooner or later be followed by the Combes stage.

The riots over the inventories and the fall of Rouvier were a warning to the responsible ministers not to go too fast. They are wise in their generation and have taken it. Catholics deny again that the Church will be accorded real liberty, and it is with a view to securing real liberty that they would choose rather to sacrifice their property than to give the State power to cripple the Church by schism. It is not true to say that the moderate Catholics trust the government as being friendly to religion while Rome does not. The difference has been only as to the wisest policy for the moment in dealing with men who are regarded by Catholics almost with unanimity as carrying out the desires of the implacable enemies of the Church and of religion. And this brings me to the situation at the present moment.

First as to the papal *non possumus* in respect of the formation of the Associations Cultuelles. It is generally believed, as I have said, that Pius the Tenth had been deeply impressed by the sequence of events above recited in the case of the Associations Law. The treatment accorded to those who had obeyed the government, and acted on the law and trusted its assurances, impressed on him deeply what I may call the duty of being suspicious. And the course of events did not allay his suspicions.

The government not only had broken off the time-honored diplomatic rela-

tions with the Holy See, but would not even on this special occasion hold communications with the Head of the Church, when they were dissolving the solemn Concordat of France with his predecessor. They did not even notify to him that the Concordat with the Holy See was at an end. With fanatical and pedantic insolence, they declined to allude to the Pope or to the bishops or to the constitution of the Church in the text of the law even where it needed elaborate circumlocution to avoid such references. The most that had been gained by the Catholics was Article 4, which stipulated in general terms that each association should be framed in conformity with the rules of the special worship—a concession in gaining which M. Ribot took, to his honor, a great share. But this apparent concession was practically neutralized by the framing of Article 8, which enacted that the claim of an association to own a particular church should be decided, not by the bishop or by the Pope, but by the Council of State, which may be and is recruited from non-Christian or anti-Christian sources, and whose deliberations are secret and never submitted to the tribunal of public opinion.

It was the civil constitution of the clergy over again, and Pius the Tenth could no more accept it than Pius the Sixth. The weakening of the Church by schism had been spoken of by M. Buisson as a wished-for result of the Act, and Article 8 naturally appeared to the Pontiff to be the means whereby it was to be effected. It was in harmony at once with his simple and saintly character and with his sense of the presence of inveterate and unscrupulous enemies, to break away from juristic subtleties and precarious accommodations, and look for the Church's safety to that position of simple autonomy and trustful poverty with which she won her first victories over a persecuting State in the early centuries. Saul's armor was to be set

aside, and battle was to be done with a stone and a sling.

Yet among the most weighty—though not, I think, the most numerous—representatives of the Church of France the trial at all events of the law was counseled in preference to sacrificing at once the whole of the property of the French Church. Abbe Gayraud wrote ably on the subject in the "*Revue du Clerge Francals.*" A large proportion of the bishops were in favor of his policy. They rejected, indeed, the *Associations Cultuelles* with practical unanimity, but the Archbishop of Besancon's proposed *Associations Canoniques*—an adaptation of the law which it was hoped the government would accept—found favor with very many bishops. It is generally believed that Rome was prepared to assent to this, although the Holy Father's own instinct was from the first the other way, and that the later change in his practical attitude was due not to the initiative of Rome herself but to the strong and urgent representations on the other side of French Catholics of influence. The effect of these representations was reinforced by the agitation over the inventories. The *Associations Canoniques* had not, it was finally judged in Rome, a sufficient legal security, and though the existing government might give assurances of their acceptance, experience had shown that such assurances would be wholly valueless so far as their successors were concerned. And so in the end the great sacrifice of from three to four hundred millions of Church property was made.

We come now to the most recent stage of the conflict. If English journalists had taken into account the Holy Father's well-grounded mistrust of a set of men who, whether their attitude is for the moment more or less conciliatory, never forget the ultimate object of "uncatholicizing France," they would hardly have represented the rejection of the terms held out in M. Briand's circular of the first of December as a final demonstration of blind

and unyielding arrogance. The political good sense of Englishmen is naturally apt to revolt at the mere notion of sacrificing a substantial advantage to considerations of form; and they have been led to believe that compliance with a trivial, if humiliating, formality is all that was required of French Catholics in order to secure a lasting peace with the enemies of their religion. The case is far different, as a glance at the text of the circular itself is sufficient to show. As to its spirit, the following passage is significant:

"It must not be supposed that because a declaration made in accordance with the Act of 1881 entitles a minister of religion to continue his ministrations in the church where he ministered under the Concordat, the church is therefore to exist for his benefit, and that he shall enjoy similar rights over the building to those which belonged to the suppressed Vestry. The Vestry was invested with the legal possession of the church; the rector or incumbent will henceforth be only an occupier without legal status. He will have no right to perform any act of government (aucun acte d'administration); still less will he be competent to perform any act of disposal (aucun acte de disposition)."

Let it be conceded that the required notification to the authorities of an intention to worship God in the parish churches of France is in itself no hardship; let it be conceded that the assimilation of religious services to company meetings, debates and public festivities (implied by having recourse to the Act of 1881), constitutes only an ideal objection: yet it is plain that the situation of a parish priest under that regime as interpreted by M. Briand, would be absolutely intolerable. The provision that the police have the right to be present at any "meeting" and to disperse it in case of disorder—by whomsoever provoked—means that the right of public worship shall be virtually at the mercy of a municipality. And the initiative and responsibility conferred upon a committee of three, or in default upon the two persons who sign the notification, and of whom one need not even be a resident in the commune, would be a continual provo-

cation to unedifying conflicts if not to actual schism. As to the concessions of which so much has been said—the simplification of certain formalities—they are not even permanent and certain; since a Ministerial circular is not a law, and binds neither the judges, nor the Minister's successor, nor the Minister himself.

But this is not all: M. Briand's circular positively aggravates the injustice of the Separation Act in its dealing with the seminaries. He lays it down that the professors of a seminary form to all intents and purposes a veiled association (*dissimulee*); and on this flimsy pretext determines that they are to be for ever deprived of the use of buildings erected at the cost of the faithful, even by lease from municipalities. Surely nothing could be plainer than the intention of the government to strike directly at the very existence of the French priesthood.

Whether his action has been wise or not judged by diplomatic standards, the truth is that the Holy Father has recognized clearly the spirit of relentless aggression which the French Government desired partially to veil, and has acted on that recognition. Far from inventing a state of persecution, he has brought into relief a real state of persecution which its authors wished to disguise. An indignant protest, coupled with a great act of renunciation which must disarm those who would accuse the Church of unworthy motives, has appeared to him at once more effective and more characteristically Christian than any endeavor to negotiate indirectly with inveterate enemies who are likely in the end to outwit him in strategy as they are his superiors in physical force. In one weapon and one only the Church is stronger than the State—in the moral force of principle and a good cause. To denounce the anti-Christian campaign which is designed to destroy her power by inches, to draw up her forces in unity, zeal and apostolic poverty—this was the best policy just because it was no

policy. And it was the most direct and urgent form of appeal to the people of France, and to Catholics throughout the world.

Its actual effect in Paris made a great impression on me during my recent visit. Nothing struck me more than the whole-hearted way in which the action of Rome has been accepted by those who at first had urged a policy of conciliation. "One may wish the general to adopt one kind of strategy," said M. Thureau-Dangin to me, "but if he adopts another, the great thing is to obey orders and show a united front." The Radical papers had said with their customary politeness that the grasping ecclesiastics would most certainly do anything to keep their property. On this account the refusal to form the Associations was not feared. The action of the Church has thus wholly disconcerted them. In the event, whatever may be said from the standpoint of human policy, the action of the French Church stands out as a very remarkable moral protest and a display both of the apostolic spirit and of absolute discipline at a moment when especially union is strength.

I spent some time on the morning of Monday the 17th with Monseigneur Amette, the coadjutor to the venerable Cardinal Archbishop. He told me that on Saturday the 15th a police commissioner had called and said that the Archbishop must leave his palace that day. Two days of grace were, however, in the end accorded; and now in a few hours the old man of eighty-eight was to leave the house which the Archbishops had lived in since 1831—the house of Monseigneur de Quélen, of Monseigneur Affre, who was shot on the barricades in 1848, of Monseigneur Darboy, who was killed by the Commune in 1871. St. Sulpice was to be also closed in two days, and all its sacred memories, beginning with the days of M. Olier, violated. The formation of Associations Cultuelles would not have averted this destruction of historic landmarks and traditions. It

would only have postponed it for two years.

The coadjutor Archbishop described the clergy as resigned and absolutely united. He looked forward to a great renewal of life and influence for the French Church to be won by the sacrifice of her worldly property, and the zeal which comes of persecution. On the absolute unity displayed—so great a power in time of war—he was very emphatic. That unity has, indeed, deeply impressed outsiders to the Church, as may be seen in words lately published in an English journal which has stood almost alone in extending to French Catholics that sympathy in their persecution which was so general among Englishmen when similar treatment was accorded to them in 1793.

The "Saturday Review" of the 15th of December thus refers to the united stand which French Catholics have made:

"Their attitude is historically remarkable, for never before in the struggle between the State and the Vatican in France has French Catholicism so unanimously ranged itself on the side of the Papacy. When Louis the Fourteenth raised the standard of Gallicanism against Innocent the Eleventh he could count on the aid of Bossuet and the flower of the French episcopate. Even Pius the Sixth's condemnation of the civil constitution did not prevent four bishops and a large section of the French clergy from giving their adhesion to the religious establishment inaugurated by the National Assembly. In the stern contest between Pius the Seventh and Napoleon a large section of the French clergy were Imperialists. Why, if there is a grain of truth in the allegations of the English supporters of the regime of persecution, is no such aid forthcoming to M. Clemenceau and his merry men to-day? True, the French Church may be more papal in sentiment to-day than it was of yore; but certain recent controversies—for instance, those on Anglican orders and Biblical criticism—have revealed the important fact that a considerable section of the French priesthood is not in sympathy with extreme Ultramontanism. Such facts render the world unity in the Catholic Church of France, and the united resolution of its members to suffer undeserved loss and shameful persecution, the more impressive. Only an issue of the first moment could have united so great a body, hampered as it is by Erastian traditions, in so magnificent a protest. For the time the clouds are black,

and there seems little hope of a popular reaction against Jacobinism in the land of St. Louis. From the greater part of Christendom, to its shame be it said, there comes but scant sympathy with the persecuted Church. History, happily, may be trusted to set the matter right, and to do a generous, if tardy, justice to the brave men who are fighting the battle of religious liberty before the world, and are preserving for France the faith of Christ."

It used to be the fashion in England to treat as the fanaticism of credulous Catholics the attribution of the campaign against the French Church to the influence of the Freemasons. The revelation of the masonic delations in the army in 1904, which led to the resignation of Gen. André and the fall of M. Combes, gave a shock to this view, and ought to have killed it once for all. Englishmen learned with astonishment of a system of espionage whereby Catholic officers were denied promotion because they were reported to the lodges as being the husbands of devout wives, or themselves churchgoers, or as having sent their children to Catholic schools. For a time the reality of masonic persecution was realized among us. But old prejudices are hard to kill. The incident has been forgotten, and, though maintained with less confidence, some of the old skepticism on the subject has returned. On the reality of masonic influence in the present war on the Church, no one with whom I talked in Paris was more emphatic than M. Dimnet, whose worst enemies could not accuse him of undue credulity. Dr. William Barry, in the "National Review" of July, 1905, placed the matter beyond doubt for those who really desire to know the facts.

The anti-Catholic fanaticism of French and Italian Freemasons is, indeed, no secret, although Englishmen are slow to believe in a temper which is so uncongenial to them that they are unable adequately to realize it in imagination. The "Revue Maconnique," in December, 1902, published a frank avowal on the subject. "Freemasonry," it says, "is not understood everywhere

in the same fashion. The Anglo-Saxons have made of it a brotherhood which is at once aristocratic and conservative in politics and religion. . . . As for Latin freemasonry, it owes its distinctive peculiarities to the battle it is waging against Catholicism." The sayings of MM. Clemenceau and Briand, quoted above, show at least that if from motives of policy they judge it well to help on the campaign in question, there is nothing in it repugnant to their own sentiments. M. Camille Pelletan, Clemenceau's old friend and colleague, naively avowed a few days ago that Pius the Tenth seemed to be the providential instrument of their designs. At a time when they desired to confiscate the Church's property, but could not venture to do it at once, the Pope solved the difficulty by giving it up rather than accept the new law.

M. Viviani, the new Minister of Labor, addressed the Chamber last November in a speech which had the true masonic ring in it. He treated disestablishment as the seal set to the extinction of the light of religion in the land, and the exposure of its falsehoods. "We have extinguished in heaven lights which will not be rekindled," he said; "we have taught the toiler and the destitute that heaven contained only phantoms." The speech was vehemently applauded and publicly posted in the streets. These speeches have been reported in the English press. I refer to them here only as illustrations of the fact of which French Catholics are as a body convinced, that what is going on is not legislation with the view to the ultimate liberty of the Church, designed to purge Catholicism of political elements, but is on the contrary, in the minds of its chief promoters, part of a campaign directed through the Church against Christianity. To exhibit this view as the true key to understanding the present attitude of the Vatican, and its unanimous and, for the most part, enthusiastic acceptance by the French Church, has been the main object of this article.

The Warriors of the Waters.*

By J.-H. ROSNY.

PART TWO.

I.

PURSUIT OF THE DARK MEN OF THE WATERS.

MY fury aroused the Men of the Waters, and especially our friend. Mad with despair I rushed toward him, frantically pointing to Sabine's empty couch. Men and women crowded around me in the pale light of the breaking dawn, and their large, rigid, carbuncle-like eyes gazed at me with evident compassion.

Presently the sun rose, dispersing the morning mist; the horizon, save toward the East and West, became remarkably clear, and to the North I could discern an almost imperceptible moving speck to which I drew the attention of my brother of the waters. He took careful note of the direction, ran to the lake and plunged in. I followed him impatiently with my eyes and saw him heading northward under the crystal water, his body magnified and deformed by the ripples that ruffled the surface. At length he came up, uttered his batracian cry and vanished northward like a flash. A hundred of his companions, armed with helicoid harpoons, darted in his wake.

At the same time the raft upon which Sabine and I had been wont to make our excursions on the lake was brought to the bank. I installed myself upon it with my rifle and knife and was soon

being towed along at incredible speed, but not, alas! more swiftly than the other raft that was bearing my terrified fiancée away.

The rapidity of movement and the somnolent, soothing calmness of wind and water gradually assuaged in a measure my anguish, and I began to examine the situation with greater coolness. From what I had seen of the dark as well as of the light Men of the Waters I felt pretty sure that the young kidnapper would not at the outset resort to force. I had frequently witnessed their long and patient courting, the graceful ruses, the gentle supplications of the lover to obtain the favors of his heart's elect, and there was no reasonable ground for the supposition that the dark chief would adopt any other mode of procedure in regard to Sabine. Was not the romantic nature of the adventure calculated to excite the tendency of the race to overcome opposition by charming, rather than by using violence, toward such a captive?

Moreover, among primitive peoples the manners and customs of a tribe are rarely departed from, and even were his band to confer Sabine upon him, the young chief would probably have to submit to the customary rules governing marriage and go through the usual ceremonies. Finally, nearly a fortnight would elapse before the new moon, the period of choice, the only period at which the nuptials could be celebrated.

*Translated from the French by John W. Harding for THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. Begun in the January number.

II.

THE BATTLE UNDER THE LAKE.

Whether or not we were gaining upon the other raft I could not say. It continued to be but a speck upon the horizon, and I was apprehensive lest it might be shut out of sight altogether by a mist. My fears, as it proved, were only too well founded, for about noon large clouds spread over the sky, and the vapor that rose from the lake under the heat of the sun becoming condensed hung over the water like a pall. The speed of my raft, however, in no way slackened, and little by little I gave myself up to my thoughts. I conceived the wildest imaginable scheme for rescuing my beloved Sabine only to dismiss them despairingly as impracticable.

Suddenly I was aroused by the batracian cry of the Men of the Waters and found that we were about three hundred yards from a low lying island covered with tall poplars, through the foliage of which the light played and quivered fantastically. We had after all been gaining on the raft, for, despite the mist, I could perceive it through an opening in the trees, though it continued to be but a black, indistinct speck.

My attention, however, was soon distracted from the raft by the cries of my amphibious allies who had risen to the surface and were excitedly calling each other's attention to a long, thick clump of rushes, in front of which the water was frothing and bubbling furiously. The raft stopped, and I seized my gun ready for an attack. I could see by the agitation of the water that something was approaching us, and soon realized that the dark band was making a stand.

All at once the agitation ceased, the oncoming wave dispersed in a succession of circles and the surface became calm. In the limpid depths of the lake big water plants, like a submerged forest, could be plainly discerned, the air globules covering their broad leaves,

stems and trailing tendrils with bright silver beads. The color of the mud at the bottom was a dull yellow.

Save for an occasional cautious snakelike gliding, nothing could be seen of the men. They must have been buried in the mud, eyeing each other closely, ready to take prompt advantage of the least opening afforded. Presently a slight cloudiness in the water, caused by a man changing position, afforded a mark. In an instant a helioid harpoon flashed through the water and a body rose close to the raft.

This enabled me to locate the position of the contending forces. The light men were lying a short distance ahead of the raft; their dark enemies were assembled in front of the clump of rushes. Twenty harpoons were hurled in response to the deadly shaft that had killed one of our side, and it was with ferocious satisfaction that I saw a couple of dark corpses rise to the surface. Then all was still again. The mud that had thickened the water settled down and I was once more able to see the vegetation at the bottom. It was patent to me that an attack by either side would be extremely dangerous, and that every man was carefully keeping under cover. But they could not continue their present tactics indefinitely.

It soon became evident that before engaging in a pitched battle they were disputing a strategical advantage that would inevitably fall to the side able to remain longest under water. Those whose breath gave out would be compelled to rise to the surface for air and would thus become an easy mark for their enemies. I awaited the issue of this duel of endurance with the keenest anxiety, occasionally raising my eyes to glance at Sabine's raft which, like mine, was lying motionless a long distance off toward the horizon.

Gazing down at the luxuriant vegetation that covered the bottom of the lake I saw what looked like a shower of burnished gold and silver; the wide-leaved plants and their mass of delicate

tendrils covered with glittering air globules began to sway and innumerable shoals of fish invaded the battle ground. At the same time I heard a sound of distant music to which a nearer burst of melody responded.

The dark men, it was evident, were desirous of placing this living barrier between themselves and their light pursuers, in order that they might rise under cover of it to obtain a fresh supply of air. For some reason or other the lives of the fish appeared to be sacred. It may have been a pact, or a rule of war. At any rate, it was a graceful and marvelous episode in the poignant drama. The darting fish of all shapes and sizes, whose scales flashed with metallic lustre amid the dark green diamond spangled growth of the sub-lacustrine forest, seemed like the visible notes of a prodigious orchestration, the rhythm and harmony of which were enjoyed by the eye instead of the ear.

The struggle to keep them there and to lure them away lasted for some minutes, but one of our men, having succeeded in reaching the raft in safety, clambered on to it and began to play upon a grooved reed, whereupon the finny cohorts rose toward the surface and swam away.

The fish having disappeared, it could be seen that the dark camp was in distress. A few warriors who had tried to reach the surface during the passage of the fish were floating with harpoons through the heart. Three others made a desperate break for air and met with the same fate, whereupon the harpoons of their comrades flew through the water like a flock of migrating swallows and fell in a heavy shower among the plants beneath me, wounding two of our men, who came up near the raft.

Then before the light warriors could answer with a single lance the enemy darkened the water by stirring up the mud and rose to the surface en masse. But my friends, rushing through the thick curtain, took up position beneath them and the battle was won. The

enemy vanquished and having exhausted their supply of weapons, had no course left but to seek safety in flight. In this many succeeded, but a large number were killed and an equally large number taken prisoners. Pursuit of the remainder was useless, for their rear guard veiled their retreat by stirring up great clouds of slime and mud as they fled.

The captives, carrying their dead, were being marched under a strong escort toward a number of huts on the island, when half a dozen light men, bearing a little dark boy who was moaning piteously, emerged from the water and laid the wail on the raft. They signed to me to take care of him and pointed with compassion to his left arm. I examined it and found that the shoulder was dislocated, but paid little further attention to the child, for at this moment Sabine's raft was disappearing in the mist, while mine was being towed ashore.

Our band rested, but showed no joy at their victory. They appeared rather to be disgusted and saddened by the bloody strife in which they had been engaged, and from time to time would give way to violent outbursts of indignation and wrath. While they were cooking fish I meandered about the island, going over fully two-thirds of its length. It was covered with high grass. In one place I remarked a kind of furrow where the grass had been trampled flat, but thought nothing of the fact at the time, though it recurred to me later, like snatches of ideas recur in dreams.

A few steps further the ground became stony, and sloped to a yawning cavern whose dismal depth was shrouded in Cimmerian darkness. I thought it might be a sepulchre, and peered in, seeking to fathom its mysteries and comparing it to the gaping wound and the void in my heart.

Was it an hallucination? I thought I heard a cry coming from the pit. It was a cry that resembled in nothing the croaking, humid cry of the Men of

the Waters. It was clear and vibrating such as none but a European could have uttered.

"Sabine!" I shouted.

Was I mad? Sabine was being borne away from me on the waters, yet I listened in the hope of hearing the cry again, listened so intently that I could have heard the fluttering of a night moth's wings as it flitted through the wood; but my fancy refused to repeat it, and musing upon my misfortune I returned to the camp.

The halt was a brief one, for as soon as the fish were cooked we started off again, taking the food with us. My friends, as I had frequently seen them do before, partook of the repast under water. I, of course, ate my share on the raft I had offered a part of it to my little companion, but he had refused it. In the anguish of mind I was in myself I had at first been indifferent to his sufferings; but his refusal of food, his continual thirst and his moans finally moved me, and recovering my energy I succeeded in setting his shoulder. As I bent over him to terminate the operation I was struck by a peculiarity. His eyes to a certain extent lacked the characteristics of the eyes of the other Men of the Waters. The white was distinctly visible, the pupil had a pronounced outward curve and the iris, though inclined to redness, was of no precise color. I had seen more than one European with similar optics. Greatly surprised, I examined the other parts of his body and found that he was not like the aquatic people among whom he lived, either in skin, hair or extremities, the latter being much thicker.

Despite my cares, I was irresistibly agitated by conjectures and scientific hypotheses. Had I happened upon a specimen of a race that was a cross between the ordinary men of earth and the Men of the Waters? Was the boy's resemblance to the former due to some phenomenon of heredity? Might not the process of transformation have been so rapid that a few centuries had

sufficed to change the terrestrial into an aquatic man? I recalled scraps of what I had read in the works of ancient writers who asserted the ability of certain extraordinary beings to live under water.

Sabine's abductors placed every possible obstacle in the way of pursuit by stirring up the mud over a vast extent of the lake, but my sagacious companions succeeded in keeping track of them, and about 2 o'clock, to my great joy, the sun having rent the mist on the horizon, I again caught sight of the raft. Thereafter I kept my finger pointed toward the moving speck, and the men towing and pushing me redoubled their efforts.

We were visibly shortening the distance between us. Sabine's raft gradually became more distinct until I was able to make out the vague silhouette of a female form upon it, and shouted with glee. My delight, however, was suddenly dampened by a terrible doubt. Might not the young chief, rather than abandon Sabine, drag her with him to the bottom of the lake? The thought was maddening.

Onward, nearer and nearer we sped, and my band of brave, tireless swimmers surrounding the raft, raised their voices in a weird, wild chant as they cleft the dancing water with their powerful strokes. Sabine's adorable form now stood out so distinctly that I could easily discern her little cloak. Barely five hundred yards now separated us. I sprang to my feet and my whole soul went out in yearning toward her. I was wild with hope and impatience. Yet she did not see me. Her back was turned toward me, and she was gazing fixedly before her over the lake. By what artifice was she prevented from turning her head?

When we were about three hundred yards off those of our swimmers who were not hauling or pushing my raft made a spurt for the other one. Instantly a man rose beside Sabine, and my blood froze with horror as I saw him throw his arms about her and drag

her to the edge of the raft, though she resisted desperately. To describe my anguish as I watched the struggle would be impossible. It was too atrocious for words. My hair turned white in places and I felt the effects of it for years.

The resistance of my gentle, frail little sweetheart could avail nothing against the brute strength of her captor. He raised her bodily in his arms and leaped overboard. Frantic with grief and despair I plunged headlong into the lake, and heavily, slowly, as powerless as a fly in a glue pot, struck out toward the spot where my beloved had disappeared; but speedily realizing how useless were my efforts, and determined not to survive her, I threw up my arms and sank.

III.

QUEER SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE CHILD OF THE WATERS.

The next fact of which I was conscious was that I was lying alone on the raft, which was stationary. My little wounded companion had disappeared. Not a swimmer was to be seen. The lake, rippled by the breeze, danced in the glad sunlight; the bright-scaled fish streaked the crystal water with many colors as they flashed hither and thither in their sport.

I noticed these things in a languid, stupid way, and after a while became aware of the presence of a man in the lake. He was at too great a depth to be clearly distinguishable, but I could see that he was moving slowly and with precaution. He presently came up bearing on his arm the boy captured among the rushes. In his disengaged hand he held my knife, which he had fetched from the bottom. I helped him to clamber on the raft.

These movements recalled the events through which I had passed, and broken-hearted, tortured beyond endurance, I fell into a stupor of grief and despair. I was aroused by a touch on the shoulder. The boy was standing

beside me, gazing at me compassionately, and making persistent signs of denial accompanied by a pantomime that I could not for the life of me understand.

This continued for some time, when he stopped discouraged and remained thoughtful. At last his face brightened and taking my knife he cut five pieces of wood from one of the logs of the raft and went through the following curious performance:

First clasping one of the pieces of wood to his breast, he caressed it with the greatest tenderness. He obliged me to do the same, afterward laying the stick beside me, and I wondered what fetish rite he was trying to initiate me into. He next laid a second piece of wood upon the water and made me understand that it was a raft. A third piece of wood was then made to seize the first piece and carry it to the miniature raft.

This aroused my interest to the highest pitch, for I now understood that the poor child was relating what had happened to Sabine. He saw that I followed him, and his face expressed consolation and hope as he continued the experiment.

The raft bore Sabine away and stopped at an island. Sabine landed, accompanied by the dark chief and a fourth piece of wood took Sabine's place on the raft.

It was all as clear as daylight to me now. The child laughed gleefully and went on while I followed his performance with more thrilling interest and excitement than if I had been witnessing one of Shakespeare's tragedies.

Sabine and the chief remained on the island. The fourth piece of wood continued on its way on the raft. The fifth piece, seizing it, plunged into the lake, and again the boy laughed delightedly.

Sabine, then, was alive! It was all a ruse of her dark captors! The female figure I had seen on the raft had been substituted for her while she had remained behind on the island. The cer-

titude of it filtered into my heart more softly than the rays of the rising sun through the dense verdure of a dark African forest. My love was alive, but where was she? Did the intelligent child know, and, if so, would he be able to make me understand?

He showed that he was able not only to do this, but to accompany the story with a wealth of detail that astonished me. We had found a language in which we could converse. One success led to another until it became possible to express not only delicate sensations, but even a few elementary abstract ideas.

In this way I learned that Sabine was landed on the island near the clump of rushes, and that she had been hidden in a deep cavern a short distance away—a fact that I should easily have guessed for myself.

My supposed hallucination, then, was nothing of the kind. The cry that I had heard at the mouth of the dark cavern into which I had peered really was uttered by my hapless fiancée. From this cavern she must have been conveyed to the land of the black Men of the Waters, which the boy gave me to understand lay to the westward.

IV.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHANNEL.

Resolved to rejoin Sabine at all hazards, I raked my brains in an effort to devise a means of accomplishing my purpose. Out of one of the small logs of the raft I fashioned a scull or paddle with my knife, and having been familiar with the use of it from my childhood up managed to attain a speed of fourteen or fifteen yards a minute. It would take many hours at this rate to reach the invisible shore I was heading for, but the labor was infinitely preferable to inaction. Hope gave courage to my heart and strength to my arms, and I worked the paddle hour after hour, while the boy slept.

The sun was setting when I sighted land. Undecided where to disembark I awoke my little companion. He pointed

out a spot about three-quarters of a mile to the right on the outskirts of a large forest. I made for it and came to the entrance of a wide channel into which, in accordance with the boy's instructions, I turned the raft.

The stream flowed so sluggishly that it seemed to come from a lake rather than a mountain. To right and left, like colossal pillars, the trees rose in gigantic colonnades, and their spreading branches cast a shadow over the water that deepened as we progressed, and was lightened at intervals by blood-like splashes caused by the crimson glow of the sunset as it glinted through the verdant canopy.

In the water beneath me I could see big, sightless, odd-shaped fish swimming lazily, mammoth crustacea, green with slime and weeds, crawling on the bottom, and cephalopoda of an unknown species with enormous eyes. The atmosphere was dank and chilly, and all around was manifest the pallid fecundity of creatures and plants that shun the blessed light. Weeds, many yards in length, carpeted the bottom of the channel where the water was shallow and trailed in the direction of the current; banks of luxuriant, variegated lichens formed feeding grounds for insects that resembled turtles with their great oval bucklers; a spider, as big as a man's fist, hanging from a branch, dropped to seize its nerveless prey; big white flies lighted upon livid fungi; my paddle disturbed a mammal with a beak like a bird's, and hundreds of bats of all sizes circled overhead.

The banks of the channel became higher, the trees bent toward each other over the waterway until their tops mingled, and the last distant blood-splash waxed fainter and fainter until it became merged in the appalling blackness. The child had fallen asleep again, and I, quaking with a nameless terror, but buoyed up by the hope of seeing my Sabine once more, stationed myself forward on the raft and paddled steadfastly on through the night.

V.

THE LUMINOUS FOREST HAUNT
OF THE MEN-WADING-BIRDS.

It must have been about midnight when the boy awoke. His shoulder was better. We were ravenously hungry, and he succeeded in finding some edible nuts, after partaking of which I fell into a light slumber. When I awoke, I perceived a pale ghostly glimmer through the trees in the distance on the left which I took to be moonlight. It outlined the leaves and the delicate drapery of the pendant creepers with a nebulous whiteness, as though the forest were covered with hoarfrost.

Along the colonnade of trees that lined the banks of the channel a profound darkness reigned which at intervals was splashed with light by the passing glow of the phosphorescent scales of a fish. I took to the paddle again. I had to advance with extreme caution, so that it took fully three hours to cover a mile and a half. An obscure cliff rose in front of me at a bend of the stream, while to the left it became singularly light. Could it be the sun already, and could its rays possibly penetrate through such a dense mass of verdure as that by which we were surrounded? Ten minutes later I rounded the bend and my eyes were almost blinded as I gazed upon a vast landscape that shone more brightly than snow-covered country in the moonlight. And yet it was illumined neither by the sun nor moon.

A mobile, wavy luminosity was upon the waterway that now expanded into the proportions of a lake. The water, which extended away into an inundated forest, was shallow, for the upper forks of the tree roots were visible. From these roots the luminosity emanated in dense circles that became thinner as they expanded. But it was without shadow, and everywhere it floated, undulated, went out, revived. It trickled from the brushwood in little cascades and was borne on the breeze in flakes

of light. In the very few places where the water could reflect it, it oscillated widely. Not the slightest sound disturbed the profound silence that reigned over the scene.

I stood motionless, petrified at the fairy-like spectacle. I passed in turn through the naive admiration, the mysterious terror, the invincible curiosity and the hair-raising dread of the occult it would have inspired in a little child. I fancied that I was in some fabulous town, in which the Men of the Waters had found means to illuminate the bottom of the lake. I, the representative of the superior races, experienced the shy, melancholy resignation of the races that have been vanquished; the innate pride at the conviction that I appertained to the highest form of humanity crumbled within me! I understood how our poor rivals resignedly allow themselves to glide into the abyss of nothingness, excluding dreams and confused theories from their lives, understood the consolations of Nirvana.

This spell was broken by the appearance on a distant islet of a man whose form was outlined on the background of light. He was incredibly tall and thin. His head reached to the lower branches of a neighboring ashtree that were more than nine feet from the ground, and he appeared to be more legs than anything else. Four similar men joined him, and they entered the water, which came up to their waists. They advanced toward us with rapid strides, and I awoke my companion.

Bewildered and dazed by the light he rubbed his eyes and shaded them with his hand, the better to examine the approaching giants, but the cry he uttered betokened neither fear nor surprise. On they came, sometimes immersed to the bust, sometimes with their ankles barely covered, and I had time to note that their arms, like their legs, were ridiculously long, as thin as a pipe stem, and covered with yellowish scales instead of hair. The body, on the other hand, was white and covered

with soft hair, the head small and narrow, with large, cold and excessively mobile eyes.

The boy seemed to take pleasure in their presence, a pleasure tinged with banter. He called to them, and I listened eagerly for their response. They did not speak with the batracian, rippling voice, the humid accent of the Men of the Waters. It was a sharp, hard cackling, and their jaws worked rapidly, chopping the syllables, as it were. Gravely they surrounded the raft. Their whole being bore the stamp of a joyless race, doomed to a precarious existence in an unproductive land. Their pallor was that of subterranean life. The hair of their heads was ash-colored; that on their breasts was of a lighter shade than that on their backs.

I felt a vague pity for them, I scarcely knew why. Maybe the patronizing attitude of the child inspired it; maybe I recognized intuitively that these narrow-headed people were pariahs. I fell a-theorizing, and it seemed to me that they were metamorphic abortions: Originally driven by powerful Mongolian nations into these paludal regions, inaccessible to the rest of mankind, they must have led a shy, hand-to-mouth existence. The ceaseless search for food in the marshes and ponds must in the course of centuries have elongated their limbs and rendered them dry and scaly. Then other peoples of the same origin probably made their advent. Having pushed through to the great lakes, or time having effected an improvement in the region, the newcomers must have boldly adapted themselves to an amphibious life, thus leaving far behind them their saddened precursors, the Men-Wading-Birds, thenceforth relegated to the shallow waters of the forest land.

I gathered that the child was requesting them to push the raft along, though from the tone of his voice it seemed to be more of an order than a request. Gently, melancholy, with, I thought, a consciousness of their weak-

ness, they obeyed, and the raft glided through the wondrous luminous forest. It was like a dream, and I could scarcely persuade myself that I was really awake.

The water thrown off by the raft swelled away to right and left in waves of light that in the distance formed beautiful and radiant strata of mother-of-pearl, into which the dull trail behind us gradually merged and became transformed. I plunged my hand over the side and it dripped light. I examined the water closely and found a number of minute vegetal cells, which from subsequent investigation I learned contained phosphorescent zoospore of certain species of water weeds that became animated, probably at the period of reproduction, by a movement similar to that of tadpoles.

After we had been journeying for some hours the channel became narrower and the water rose to the necks of our poor, panting escort, who, after swimming for a few minutes, gave up exhausted and made for the bank. We were on the confines of the land of light, and darkness once more lay before us. I shouted my thanks to our bird-like friends and the boy also cried out to them in cordial tones. They cackled something in answer and strode off along the shore. Nothing could be imagined more humble, more pitiable than these melancholy skeletons, and I gazed after them with deep and sympathetic interest as they trotted away until they were lost to sight among the trees.

I then began paddling again, and the water becoming deeper and the trees scarcer, I made good progress, in spite of the obscurity. The boy, I think, had fallen asleep again. I grew despondent in the gloom and loneliness. I imagined that the raft was being drawn into a bottomless pit, and that I should nevermore set eyes upon my beloved. I remembered that I had passed through trials and dangers almost as terrible in the course of the voyage, but on those occasions I had been en-

couraged by Devreuse's energy, the presence of Sabine, of European companions, and the perils we encountered had been more or less foreseen and provided against. Now, alone, I was facing the awful solitude and darkness of the interminable forest, beset by the fear of falling into an ambush laid by men of limitless power and totally different from us, in momentary anticipation of encountering some adventure, more weird, more marvelous than those I had already gone through, and which I felt my reason would not be able to withstand.

A great lassitude and dizziness came over me. I ceased to work the scull except spasmodically, almost unconsciously. Sometimes I did not know

whether I was paddling or not, could not tell whether the raft was moving or stationary. I fancied that I was walking through a country lane, then that I was seated high up in a lighthouse. I began to babble incoherently, and it was only by an immense exercise of will power that I was able to bring my thoughts back to the river, the darkness and the raft. I felt, however, that I could not long stave off the inevitable, that I was slowly but surely lapsing into unconsciousness, and I remember that my last effort before I succumbed was to keep the raft headed toward a glimmer of daylight that appeared in the distance like a white speck on the channel.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

TO GENERAL PICQUART.

By C. D.

(From the National Review.)

Soldier and friend of France; who—finding wrong
By priest and soldier wrought in Justice' name,
While forgers wrote and signed their country's shame—
Did'st lonely front the furious bigot throng,
And stand across the prostrate 'gainst the strong,
Calling for aid, till from the darkness came
The flash "J'accuse" that kindled reason's flame;
Picquart: to thee does this high place belong.

Marshal the force of France; for thou hast served,
Beyond all other served, the nation well,
In raising truth command in chief to take,
When Dreyfus suffered pain all undeserved.
Where the hot floods faint round the Isle of Hell,
And thou wast exiled e'en for valor sake.

The Temple of Ten Thousand Gods.

By GEOFFREY SALIS-SCHWABE.

(From *Macmillan's Magazine*.)

BEHIND us lay the City of Springs, before us the Temple of Ten Thousand Gods. We had swung through the city in our palanquins and now had reached the plain. In the distance the Yellow River wound sullenly across the level, bearing its burden from far Thibet to the Yellow Sea. The city of Chinanfu stretched brown, grey and hazy in the heat, as it had lain and drowsed for who shall say how many years, even before Confucius, centuries ago, had journeyed through it to his palace. Here at least nothing has changed. The river, sullen in its ordinary moods, breaks out in angry defiance ever and again, land is swirled away, blue-clad bodies, pitiful remnants of houses, black pigs or a cow floating strangely silent and stiff, are borne out to sea; but Time, the great healer, salves these wounds, and all is as before.

The beautiful Pearl Spring in its smooth stone basin has not changed. The exquisite bubbles of air rise through the pellucid water, like jewels tossed from some fairy palace beneath, rise slowly, holding the gaze enthralled, then, glimmering near the surface for one all too brief moment, are gone, and the enchanted beholder thinks himself bewitched. Deep blue carp swim slowly in great curves round the rising pearls, and the water is of crystal clearness. Glancing upward the eye rests with delight on the curved roofs of the

palace of just the same deep blue grey as the fish, and the insistent plash of an unseen fountain falls soothingly on the ear.

The air of the plain moves tremulously in the heat, and the palanquins swing slowly on. On either side are graves, grey stone graves of some forgotten race, and the mounds that mark the last resting place of the Chinese dead. The wandering thoughts are held, and one looks curiously at this end, so far as mortal toil can go, of our existence, of this dream which is our life. Grassy mounds and low pine-clad hills guard the dead intrusted to them by the loved ones, and guard them well. The trees grow, and the grasses, uncut from year to year, flourish rankly beneath their branches. Yellow lilies and pale iris peer out from the brakes, and in the autumn, Nature's garnishing for the cold grey months to follow, a purple immortelle expands its blossoms and decks the slopes with its starry heads.

But the humbler dead cannot hope for this peacefulness. A corner of the field is taken and for many years is tended. Here, on the Day of the Dead, offerings are brought and the survivors honor the departed, but every spring the cultivation creeps a little nearer; decade by decade it encroaches, and one morning, perhaps after heavy rain, the even furrows pass over all the field and the grave is not. The road sinks between two mounds winding down to

cross a stream. A hole in the bank is partly screened by some bamboo grass, and out of it comes a shape in dingy grey garments. With a long monotonous cry it flings itself into the dust—Loya, loya, loya-a-a—and I stop my palanquin-bearers. The figure lifts itself and I see a woman, incredibly old, bent and witch-like; wisps of white hair fall over the lined face, the eyes have a despairing look. Behind her is her lair, and the thought of that hot hell in summer, of the freezing night to be passed alone there in winter, amid the desolation of that wind-swept place of the dead, makes me turn to my ting-chai and give the poor thing an alms—to me a sum paltry enough, but to her, in this land of infinitesimal coinage, a fortune; and we pursue our way to the dirge of loya, loya, loya, as the withered fingers fumble among the strings of copper coins.

Above us rise the Hills of the Gods, wooded and green, so very green, except where the crags of dark grey rock jut out, a harder, colder note in that poem of line and color. We have reached the little village where our palanquins must halt and we change into the light hill chairs to be borne up the winding steps. Each chair is a mere skeleton of hard polished wood strung together with ropes, and over each, supported by strips of shining wood, is a dark blue canopy. Sturdy mountaineers pick up each chair, and sideways we are carried swiftly up the steps. After a while we pause on a little piece of flat ground. The trees grow down to either side of the path, delicate grasses tremble at the edge over the sun-baked stones, and the sense of heat suddenly intensified becomes palpable, and rising in hot waves from the ground confuses the senses. In this heat two pale blue butterflies, large as little birds, circle and float, the embodiment of the tremulous warmth. Higher we are borne and higher, over terraces whose grey stones are falling apart from age, on

whose lichen-covered parapets jeweled lizards lie basking in the sun. The black sheets of rock, fringed with the pale green feathers of bamboo, grow more frequent, and at last the grey roof of a temple curves grandly between the trees.

We have reached the Temple of Ten Thousand Gods. Images of Buddha, carved from living rock, look benignly down; on the steps two blue-green pigeons lie sunning themselves. An old priest receives us, and we enter the courtyard. On two sides rise sheer smooth walls of black stone, and everywhere from the living rock Buddhas had been carved, some life-size, some small, most of them presentments of the Lord Buddha, calm and dignified, but some of them the frightful demons and gods of the under-world of the Chinese. In one corner a round boulder leaned against the cliff sides, and here a pool of deep clear icily cold water, fed by the slow drops of the black rocks above, stretched away into darkness beneath the cliff. Turning from the walls of black rock, a temple built on the edge of the hill overlooks the plain, and passing through a gateway facing us we reached its main buildings. Above us rose more roofs, and on either hand were stone steps winding across the mountains. We saw the Gods, the blue malignant Gods of War, the placid white-bearded God of Riches stroking his attendant stag, and many more. Outside one shrine stood two high green earthen jars in which lotus lilies were growing; the beautiful leaves yet held the dewdrops and the pale pink flowers glistened. "Om mani padmi om (oh jewel in the lotus flower)"—that mystic incantation murmured through the world from far Thibet to farthest Japan, and the river that wound below formed by the Thibetan snows—"Oh, jewel in the lotus flower."

We wandered on, a priest and two or three acolytes accompanying us, and in an arbor on the hanging terrace we sat

down to rest. A blue creeper flung its tendrils over the balustrade, the bloom of its dark blossoms rubbed here and there by overhanging leaves, across one of which a vermillion spider suddenly ran. My attendants came up carrying the baskets containing our meal; the priest sent an acolyte for dishes, and soon the table was decked. We had, of course, brought no flesh or animal food to this sacred spot. The vivid green of the peas, the peaches, apples, grapes and delicious Chinese cakes laid out for us in the old dishes of the temple, looked delightful. The tingchal had placed the bottles of white wine to cool in the dripping water; he brought them now and poured out the wine into delicate porcelain bowls. The old priest next me ate but little, but enjoyed the wine. The peaches did not last long after the curved red lips of the acolytes had touched their sun-kissed cheeks. Steaming bowls of rice were brought and quickly disappeared. Then my tingchal brought that which I had thought would please my hosts—a box of French bonbons, and another of gold-tipped cigarettes. I was right. I do not know whether the mauve fondants or the Turkish tobacco were most appreciated. The old priest's pale cheeks showed a brighter color, his eyes sparkled, and I thought to ques-

tion him. Below us over the plain lay the city in a haze of heat and dust; beyond, the great river wound to the sea; a faint mist hung over everything.

"Tell me," I said, "when you look, from this cool retreat, down on to that city, are you not content with your lot? Have you not found that peace and satisfaction which we dwellers in cities so vainly strive after?"

"I know not," he answered. "At times I think so, but then again, during the long winter when I sit all day over the charcoal braziers and study the Books of the Law, I think not. Life down there in the city must be very pleasant, very gay, but there it must, indeed, be hard to acquire merit. I am old, however, now, more than four score years, and my life here cannot last so much longer."

"But these boys," I urged; "they are young—have they entered into the right life?"

"Look at them," the priest replied, "and you will know."

They had gone some little distance from us, and were sitting in their gauze robes on the steps, the sun shining on their shaven heads and bright young faces. Puffing the gold-tipped cigarettes, they laughed from the sheer joy of being alive. The old priest had answered me well, and as I rose to make my farewells our eyes met, and for a moment our souls were bare.



The Poet and the Muse.

By FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

Awake, arise, my idle Muse!
Thou sleepest as if dead;
Open thine eyes, the close-shut lids
Seem weighted as with lead.

No slave art thou who needest spur
To drive thee to the task;
A willing comrade thou hast been
To bring me what I ask.

Spread thy soft wings and soar awhile
In fields of upper air,
Wherefrom the things of heavy earth
Seem light and debonaire.

Poise on the sun-tipped cloud and lean
O'er shimmering, light-filled space;
It may be I shall catch some gleam
Of glory in thy face.

Hark to that music whose keen thrills
No earth-born ear may hear,
That so some note of it may fall
Into my listening ear!

Ah, Muse, but might I fly as thou,
What wonders might I see,
What songs might hear, to plunge my soul
In waves of ecstasy!

Then, stirring in her sleep, she spoke:
" 'Tis thy desire I wait,
That and thy will make wings to waft
Me high as Heaven's gate.

"Without thee I am chained to earth,
And thou art chained with me;
Thou must awake, O Poet Soul!
To set our spirits free."

Within my heart a living flame
Arose. I bld her go;
And her bright wings gleamed over me
Like Heaven's surpassing bow.

And all around the radiance pulsed
With gold and rosy light,
Awhile my Muse, on soaring wing,
Swift vanished from my sight.



An English Year.

By M. F.

The almond and the apple, the bending bullace spray,
Shed showers of purest petals before the end of May.
A little while of budding, a little while of bloom,
And then the spring is over, and ended all too soon.

A wealth of sweet confusion, the lily and the lime,
With heavy scent of ripened hay, of tiny honeyed thyme.
A burst of happy singing, a few short weeks of sun,
The hum of dreamy insects, and summer days are done.

Bright crimson of the creeper, the popples in the corn,
With cobwebs, and the dripping dew to kiss the fields at dawn;
Rich days of purple hillside, of cloudless August skies,
Few weeks of thundery harvest, before the autumn dies.

Cold wind of wet November, soft snows of latter days,
White hoarfrost on the holly by muddy country ways.
The naked yellow jessamine, and hardy Christmas rose,
Short days of scarlet berries, and then the winter goes.

Twelve months of endless wonder, an ever-shifting chain,
Of sun to make the whole world glad, of cloud, and snow, and rain.
Full fragrant flowers of summer, ripe autumn grain in ear,
Uncertain days of varying joys, a changeful English year.

The Jamestown Exposition.

By CHARLES FREDERICK STANSBURY.

FOR more than five years the projectors of the Jamestown Exposition have been working early and late to prepare for the American people a celebration worthy of its underlying idea, and, having done so, to call the attention of that people to the celebration when Virginia, the mother of States, should be ready to receive her children's children in a befitting and becoming manner.

The Jamestown Exposition will be held on the waters and shores of Hampton Roads near the city of Norfolk, Va., commencing at noon on the 26th day of April, 1907, and closing at the hour of midnight on the 30th of the following November. It is also generally known that it will be held in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in America. Few realize the influence which that settlement had upon America—in fact, upon the whole civilized and hitherto uncivilized world. It has been recorded upon the pages of history that those who read may know—and most persons do read at this age of the world—that upon the waters of Hampton Roads and within a radius of 100 miles, save for the ocean side, most of the history of the colonists, most of the history of the United States and of the American continent has been made.

It was at a point almost opposite the site of the exposition grounds, just across Hampton Roads, that the colonists first found a safe landing place after their long and stormy voyage

across the Atlantic, for they had been driven off at Cape Henry by hostile savages, and in consequence of the safety and comfort they found here they called the place Point Comfort, and it is so to this day, and probably will be for all time to come, called Old Point Comfort. They did not remain here long, but passed on up through Hampton Roads into what was then known as Powhattan River, by them named the James River for their English sovereign, and settled at a place that eventually became Jamestown. It is now, however, only a name in history, for the restless waters of the James have made of the site only a low, marshy island, instead of the peninsula it was when the pioneer pilgrims landed, and but a few crumbling walls and old foundations and the fast decaying old church tower remain.

Before the pendulum of time swung back to the center of oscillation in the radius of its scope and in its marked vicissitudes virtually obliterated Jamestown from the face of the earth, that little colony had planted the seeds of a civilization that has encircled the globe and shed its beneficent rays of influence upon every land and in every clime. This claim is broad, but not more so than the English influence upon the earth, and is so apparent that no argument is necessary to establish its truth. I beg, however, to submit one phase in its support, and that is that to-day almost every nation of the civilized world is seeking representation at the Jamestown Exposition. Not only are they to be there with their



MACHINERY HALL.

armies and navies, insignias of one kind of power, that, paradoxical as it may seem, grows less in demand as it increases in efficiency, but with their educational development, their historical records of progress, their arts and sciences, their manufacturing and commercial industries. Why do they come? Because it has been heralded abroad that the United States is going to show the progress it has made in the last three hundred years, and they want to enter the arena in peaceful rivalry, to show what they, too, have accomplished. The influence that this exposition is having upon the whole world to bring every kindred and tongue into closer relationship, and to a better understanding of each other, had birth when that little colony of hardy, brainy Englishmen under Captain John Smith founded the Jamestown colony. This, I believe, establishes the broader claim and more need not be said in its defense.

But the commercial interests awakened, the new life-blood infused into

the arteries of manufacture and commerce, by the Jamestown Exposition, are more nearly beyond comprehension than my first proposition, because they are equally far-reaching and go hand in hand with all that makes for the comfort and good of mankind. The rate of progress is dazzling and would be terrifying but for the fact that each bound lands us upon a higher plane. Virtually, within a hundred years every branch of industry has been revolutionized. The old wooden mouldboard has been succeeded by the more modern cast plow and that in turn by the smooth steel plows of to-day, the latter now dragged across the vast areas of farming lands in the West by massive traction engines in gangs of a dozen or more. The old sickle gave place to the scythe, that to the grain cradle and that in turn to the first crude reaping machines. Then followed the Buckeye dropper, the self-binder, and now in the wheat areas of this and other countries the grain is cut, threshed, cleaned and sacked in one operation. The old

carding machines and the old spinning wheels have been succeeded by modern machinery that would have been a mystery then, and a million steel spindles under the manipulation of a single hand now do the work in a few hours that a whole community could not have done in a season.

The boom of the old hand loom is no more heard, but has long since been laid away with the flax-break and scutching knife, the spinning wheel and reel. The good housewife no longer fills the old lard lamp or makes the tallow dip. The kerosene lamp appeared on the scene for a short time to blaze the way for the gas light and the incandescent. Work that it required many hours to perform with the needle and thread is now done in a few minutes with the sewing machine. The glistening tin pans and earthenware crocks no longer stand in long rows in the spring house filled with sweet milk awaiting the cream to rise to the top to be skimmed off and churned. The

milk, almost before it gets cold, is turned into a centrifugal and the cream separated from it and by machinery churned until the mass of yellow butter appears before the barefoot boy can drive the cows to pasture.

The slow messenger afoot or mounted has been succeeded by the lightning express, the telegraph, the telephone, and now by wireless telegraphy, while the old sailing vessel that consumed many weeks in crossing the Atlantic has been followed by the ocean greyhound that makes the trip in five or six days. The aeolian harp no longer makes its weird, sweet music from the half-open window of the cottager, but in its stead the graphophone or phonograph from the center table sings the songs of olden days, the modern opera, and amuses with dialogue and monologue, lecture or recitation. The blacksmith no longer toils for hours over a bar of iron to forge out horseshoes or horseshoe nails, as he was wont to do of old, but the modern machine now turns them



RUSTIC BRIDGE.



RHODE ISLAND STATE BUILDING.

out faster than he can count. The baker no longer kneads the dough with his hands, but tosses it into a machine and watches the work go on. The shoemaker who once toiled for days over a pair of fine shoes for the gentry or for others, has degenerated into a cobbler, and machines make the shoes.

The iron age is passing and the age of steel has come. The iron bands that erstwhile spanned the continent have been changed by the Bessemer process into stronger bands of steel. The hands that once slowly and laboriously shaped metals now control without effort a million machines that do the work more quickly and more accurately.

All these old processes will be shown and practically demonstrated at the Jamestown Exposition, in the Arts and Crafts Village, where skilled workmen will turn out before the eyes of the millions articles in every line of industry in modest cottages in keeping with the age they represent, while but

a few steps away in massive buildings filled with modern machinery the same articles will be turned out as the work is now done, not only showing the perfection of mechanism, but that mechanism in motion and the finished products. It will be a school, to look upon which cannot fail to inspire every visitor with hope for future greater achievements and a desire to look further and learn more.

Necessity is the mother of invention; it is the necessity of all these things that puts to work the master minds of our day and age. In the South cotton is king, and yet but for the brain of Whitney, or, had he failed, some other brain that would have grappled with the problem, there would have been no cotton gin and cotton would not be king.

It is only a little more than a hundred years ago that Fulton gave us the steamboat, and yet but for that where would be the glory of old Hampton Roads and the other waterways of

the continent? Where would be the cities that have sprung up in consequence of commerce?

Would this continent be bound in bands of steel to-day and distance annihilated if Peter Cooper had not, in 1830, given us the first crude but practical locomotive, and only a few years later Bessemer the steel?

Could the vast business of this world of to-day be handled but for Davenport, who, in 1835, gave us the electric railway, and Morse, who, in 1839, gave us the electric telegraph?

How would the world of to-day lag superfluous on the stage of the universe but for Elias Howe, McClintock, Bell, Edison, Roentgen or Marconi? But the list is practically endless, and each day some new genius passes across the zenith of our world and leaves behind a legacy of wealth that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Brains cannot be weighed. Yet, with few exceptions it is American brains that has

set all this machinery in motion, and American brains and nerve that keep it going.

So much has been said of the material and technical features of the Jamestown Exposition that a little retrospection and speculation on the past, present and future is necessary.

While this is, in the main, a material age, and most people are chiefly engaged in the endless chase after the "mighty dollar," there are still those who occasionally pause long enough to note the alluring charm of the beautiful, or listen to the echo of the music of long ago and look back along the aisles through the dim vista of years that were.

The historic and the romantic are so closely interwoven all over tidewater Virginia that it is almost impossible to fully grasp and comprehend the one without catching the spirit of the other. Aside from its material phase, there is something extremely interesting and



POWHATTAN OAK.



POTTERY BUILDING.

romantic in the springing up of a magic city—a city of magnificent colonial structures in a setting of Nature's most elaborate handiwork, with winding walks bordered with a million shrubs and plants whose vari-colored foliage lends enchantment and whose flowers fill the balmy air with a fragrance that intoxicates, and over all the outspread umbrageous branches of the giant sentinels of the "forest primeval." But all this—grand, beautiful, romantic as it is—is but a shadow of the historic and romantic past and Nature's unadorned architecture, while the blaring of trumpets and sweeter strains of modern music are but faint echoes of the Indian maiden's plaintive song, the "brave's weird chant of pending or progressing war, the rattling of musketry and the booming of cannon, that come back to us from the long, long ago. It is not unwarranted nor a loss of time to pause occasionally amid the mystic maze of money-maddened millions and give a thought

to what has been, what is and what is yet to be.

Where the exposition grounds now lie bathed in the sunlight of a modified Southern winter, or white in the flood of seldom obstructed moonlight, three hundred years ago there stood the primeval forest in all its silent, solemn grandeur. The leaves swayed gently to and fro in answer to the gentle breeze, and in the forest shade the Indian warrior wooed and won the maiden of his choice. The thud of the tomahawk, the swish of the arrow or the dip of the paddle as the canoe glided swiftly over the waters of Hampton Roads, then nameless, were all the sounds that broke the stillness, nor did the denizens then dream or the medicine men prophesy that this sequestered spot should ever be the one center at which the eyes of the whole civilized world would be focused ere the very trees that stood about them were reduced to mother earth by the elements that gave them birth. Yet so it

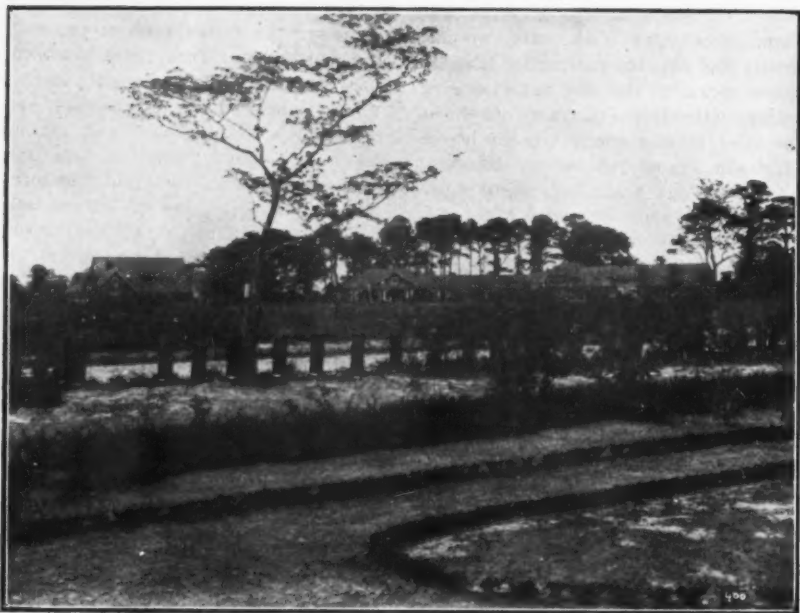
is. True, little is left of what was then. Powhattan Oak still stands, knotty and old, but casting its friendly shade just as of old; the same untiring waves restlessly lap the same old shore, the same breezes gently stir the leaves or sigh among the barren branches, and the same stars still look down from out the upper depths of blue. But the red man is gone and the smoke no more curls heavenward from his wigwam or his council fires; the warrior no more wields the tomahawk, the swish of the arrow is no more heard, the light canoe no more skims over the placid waters of Hampton Roads, and the Indian maiden no more meets her chosen brave under the outstretched branches of the mighty oak.

Another race set foot upon the shores of America—a pale-face race as restless as the waves that lave the shores and gambol o'er the sand, endowed with a spirit called progress and a creed called religion, and their coming

marked the beginning of the end of the red man. This had been a peaceful country till then. True, there had been tribal wars, but they were petty in the light of subsequent years. The soil recorded little of bloodshed and rapine before that harry band of pilgrim-pioneers landed at Old Point Comfort, but since then the dew of heaven has many times mingled with the crimson flood of slaughtered armies; fires, brighter and greater and grander in their terrifying extent than ever the Indian kindled, have cast their light over land and sea, and when they died out, cities, hamlets and isolated homes had disappeared and in their place there was left naught but smouldering embers marking the graves of buried hopes, and the winds from the four quarters of the earth scattered the ashes far and wide, as if in mock benediction. Upon the placid waters of Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay, or upon the restless waves of the greater ocean,



FORT JAMESTOWN.



ARTS AND CRAFTS VILLAGE.

a charred hull sometimes marked the site of the conflagration, then drifted away at the caprice of the wind, or sank beneath the waters to be no more.

And yet, from the ashes of the past, as if every tiny particle had been the germ of a human soul, there has sprung up a nation of many millions, so great and so powerful, and, in the main, so just, that it has not only shaped the destiny of the North American continent, but has influenced the course and conduct of the whole world. As if each ship that went down had been but myriad seeds planted to come up and grow and multiply ten fold or more, there are now thousands of craft to plow the mighty deep in place of every one that went down under a cloud of smoke. Upon the battle plain the golden grain now waves in season and the orchards yield their luscious fruit. During the Jamestown Exposition warships of almost every nation will sail into Hampton Roads greeted by friendly salute. Instead of mines and ob-

structions being placed in our rivers and harbors, they are being dredged and cleared for the traffic of the entire world. Instead of railroads being torn up and bridges burned, thousands of miles of new tracks are being laid and streams bridged or tunneled to facilitate the growing traffic. Instead of vast fields of desolation, now magnificent cities, delightful suburban retreats and cozy country homes.

The question may well arise, "Was this prologue to the great drama of peace that is now being enacted a curse or a blessing?" And who can answer? It seems to demonstrate the generally accepted fact that no great and permanent good is ever achieved without equally great hardships and heart-rending sacrifices. The Creator seems to have recognized this in His plan of redemption. Gold must pass through the crucible before its true value is determined.

The way has been long and oftentimes steep and rough from the landing of the

first English settlers at Jamestown to the opening of the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition. The civil war left the beautiful and productive Southland nothing but its noble history and its high ideals. It is the province of the Jamestown Exposition to point the way

for the world to rediscover this determining section of this great country. When that is done, the discoverer will stand amazed.

"Like some watcher of the stars
When a new planet sweeps into his ken!"



BIRD'S EYE VIEW.



The Editor's Miscellany.

AN hour in a library is a natural part of a perfect day. A public institution enriched with many volumes is not meant. Just one room at home, the door of which need not be further open than sufficiently ajar to be friendly, some sort of a chair, some sort of a table, a few shelves and upon those shelves, not encyclopedias or complete sets of "literature," but the two dozen favorite volumes which invite the reader again and again—these are enough to make a library. These are a necessity. Anything more in the way of books or furniture or other environment is intellectual luxury.

* * *

There is a wealth of pleasure in an hour in a library, when that hour exists for itself. Many discoveries are made in the course of haphazard rummaging. The discoveries need not be new to the outside world. The zest of a voyage of such discovery is a distinct factor in the value of an intellectual life, and also of a life never courageous enough to appropriate the description "intellectual." In fact, the sort of man that thinks along a tangent often learns much, and enjoys much, among his books.

* * *

The Preacher who told the world that there was no new thing under the sun, talked of the day when "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets; or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken." It is not such a far cry from the cedars of Lebanon to the halls of the University of Virginia, which protect the Zolnay statue of Edgar

Allan Poe. And the last chapter of Ecclesiastes easily recalls the opening lines of "Lenore":

"Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit
flown forever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on
the Stygian river."

A volume of Shakespeare, opened at this juncture, will give the soliloquy of Hamlet with its association of ideas as to the flight of the spirit when the dissolution of the body sets in. With the Prince of Denmark the humble devotee of a library hour stops a moment to think of

"That undiscovered country from whose
bourne
No traveler returns."

Nor is this the end of the search, if the text books of youthful days have been retained.

"It now goes along the shadowy way to
that place, whence they deny that any
one returns."

So runs the ode of Catullus written upon hearing of the death of the pet sparrow of his beloved Lesbia. The idea that when the soul starts on its shadowy flight, it knows no return, found credence among other Roman poets. When Virgil, in the sixth book of the Aeneid, interrupted the thread of the story in order to relate the descent of Aeneas to the infernal regions, the poet told how his hero "quickly mounted the bank of the stream, from which there is no return" (*irremeabilis undae*). When Horace addressed an ode to Delliis, bidding him to enjoy himself while he might, for death was at hand for both the well-to-do and the poor, the closing stanza reminded the

fickle soldier of Antony of the coming of the day "to place us on board the bark for the exile from which no one returns."

* * *

Beneath the polite surface of classic paganism was a strong pessimism. Catullus thought of the goal of the shadowy journey as one from which there was no return. With Virgil the irrevocability of the passage of the stream was the dominant impression, and Horace frankly called the voyage in Charon's bark an eternal exile. There seemed to be no rift in the shadow curtain at "the end of the vista," through which could come even a reflection of the light of what Lucas Malet has called "the far horizon." Slight are the evidences that those critics were well-grounded who believed they detected in the Aeneid a Messianic note.

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In "The Far Horizon" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Lucas Malet emphasizes that transcendental motive which so divides the life of to-day from that of the melancholy academic groves of Athens, Rome and Alexandria. In the story of the later life of Dominic Iglesias, bachelor, suddenly and ungraciously relieved of his life duties as a clerk in a London banking house, the daughter of Charles Kingsley has added one more reason for the enthusiasm of those who read and have re-read "The History of Sir Richard Calmady." Few can meet Poppy as Mr. Iglesias met her and can watch her as acquaintance reveals her character, uneven, volatile and yet naturally well-disposed, without a sorrowful realization of how easily the life of a really womanly girl may become sadly tangled "like sweet bells out of tune."

* * *

Mr. Iglesias "was fairly frightened by the greatness of the emptiness, within and about him, engendered by absence of employment. He had sacrificed personal ambition, personal happiness, to the service of one supremely dear

to him. Here was the Nemesis, not of ill-living, but of good—namely, emptiness, loneliness, homelessness, Old Age here at his elbow, Death waiting there ahead. * * * Dominic Iglesias dwelt, consciously and sensibly, in the horror of the Outer Darkness— which horror is known only to that small and somewhat suspect minority of human beings who are also capable, by the operation of the divine mercy, of dwelling in the glory of the Un-created Light."

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When Mr. Iglesias, to escape a moment the jostling of the crowds making a holiday over the news that the siege of Ladysmith by the Boers had been relieved, stepped through the gates of the Oratory on the Brompton Road, he understood that he faced the moment of final choice. For him on one hand was "London, the type, as she is in fact the capital, of the modern world— of its ambitions, material and social, of its activities, of its amazing association of pleasure and misery, of the rankest poverty and most plethoric wealth—at once formless, sprawling, ugly, vicious, while magnificent in intelligence, in vitality, in display, as in actual area and bulk. On the other hand, and in the eyes of the majority phantasmal as a city of dreams, was Holy Church, austere, restrictive, demanding much yet promising little save clean hands and a pure heart, until the long and difficult road is traversed which—as she declares—leads to the light on the far horizon and beyond to the presence of God."

* * *

As the curtain falls before the reader Poppy, "the Lady of the Windswept Dust," is sobbing at the bier of Mr. Iglesias.

"Beautiful in death as in life, serene, proud, austere, but young now with the eternal youth of those who have believed and attained and reached the Land of the Far Horizon, Dominic Iglesias lay before her."

Chile con Carne.

WE do not admire sentiments of the infuriated Radical who asserted that Australia would never be a nation till the cable was cut; but his meaning is clear. The cable depreciates the importance of local affairs and cultivates imperialistic sentiment in the minds of the people. The Antipodean dweller becomes long-sighted, his outlook is broader, and his intimacy with Home affairs is in striking contrast to the Englishman's lack of interest in matters colonial. He only gets the concentrated news essence, it is true, but his mind is not burdened with an avalanche of detail, so we often find that he has a better grip of European questions which concern Great Britain than the Englishman who has grappled with them at close quarters.

We must admit that the average stay-at-home Englishman takes little interest in the Commonwealth. Australia is on the outer track, far away from the heart of things, and he connects it in a vague way with frozen mutton, rabbits, nuggets and other items. The Imperialists should look to this, "the crimson threads" will not stand the strain of our indifference. Quite recently a Riverina squatter, who returned to Melbourne after a trip home, made a score of Republicans in one evening by stating at a dinner that he had not met an Englishman during his travels who knew whether the Melbourne Cup was a two-mile race or a six-furlong sprint.

Seriously we cannot blame the Aus-

tralian if his indignation rises when he finds that his country is not mentioned in the daily press, or when his neighbor at the hotel dinner-table makes him shudder by mixing up the State capitals. He has dreamed of England since boyhood; it is home to him as it was to his parents, and, when he does visit us, Piccadilly and Oxford street, the Strand and Pall Mall seem to him like old familiar spots revisited after a long, long absence. London has been his Mecca, and while staring out towards the fog-pall over the world's metropolis, he fondly imagined that we were watching the rim.—From *Black and White*, of London.

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That Mr. Lowther, the present Speaker of the House of Commons, is unlikely ever to be at a loss while in the chair, was illustrated a few days ago, when, as chairman of committees, he took upon himself the onus of an innovation, at the very thought of which old-established members grew pale. The incident occurred through the contumacy of the clerks' sand-glass that had been turned to count the two minutes allowed for members to assemble, but refused to work as industriously as it should have done, only indicating, in fact, the passage of one minute, when every clock in the vicinity, from Big Ben to the humblest of American time-keepers, had proved three minutes to have really passed. What would happen if the mace developed any painful eccentricity of the character indicated by the sand-glass that wouldn't, it is difficult to say, but in all probability the House would ad-

journal until the sergeant-at-arms had coaxed it into a better frame of mind. Luckily the sand-glass is something less than a bauble compared to the mace, and accordingly no protests were levelled at the clerk who shook the glass and slapped it, or at Lord Stanley, who administered chastisement upon it with his fists; but when Mr. Lowther actually had the temerity to ignore the sand and put the question after a consultation with the clock, it is to be feared that some of the older generation of members regarded the innovation as a sign of the times even more to be deplored than the laxity of the sand-glass in performing its Parliamentary duties. — From Macmillan's Magazine.

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Mrs. Mayberleigh: "Johnny, is the new baby at your house a boy or a girl?"

Johnny: "Ma says it's a girl, but it ain't a-go'in' to be baptized till next Sunday, an' if I have my way about it she'll change her mind before then."

"Maria," began Mr. Stubb, "last night I played cards, and——"

"Played cards!" interrupted Mrs. Stubb; "how dare you spend your money gambling, sir?"

"As I was saying, I played cards, and won enough to buy you a set of furs——"

"You did? Oh, John, you are so good! I knew those sharps would not get the best of you."

"I presume," said the conceited fellow, "that you will be glad to have me call again soon?"

"You do," replied Miss Sharpe.

"I do—what?"

"Presume!"

—From Tit-Bits.

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If Adam could have so managed it that he should know everything, whilst

his wife knew nothing, the scheme of Creation would, in his mind, have been perfect. What is the first natural claim of "right" of woman? Is it not to be loved, admired and honored by man? But of all rights to which woman may show claim, the right to vote seems to me the most useless and unnecessary. It is better to be a Cleopatra than a "suffragette."

—Marie Corelli, in *The Rapid*.

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Those familiar with the portraits of the great soldiers of the American Civil War can hardly fail to have been struck by the curious family likeness which runs through their dour determined visages. It is scarcely too much to say that this military type is practically extinct in America now. Almost to a man, these long-faced, sallow heroes were tobacco chewers, as were also many of the prominent statesmen of the same period. It was, however, by no means exclusively an American custom. Most people of middle age can remember, among sailors and workingmen of Great Britain, men with long angular jaws and wrinkled, sallow cheeks resembling those of that extinct ruminant, the "typical Yankee" of caricature.

—Dr. Louis Robinson, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

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A Scotch minister and his friend, coming home from a wedding, began to consider the state in which their potatoes at the feast had left them.

"Sandy," said the minister, "just stop a minute till I go ahead. Perhaps I don't walk steady and the guld wife might remark something not just right."

He walked ahead for a short distance, and then called out:

"How is it? Am I walking straight?"

"Oh, aye," answered Sandy, thickly, "yere a' recht—but who's that with ye?"

—From Idler.

In the Market Place.

IN finance, as well as in other spheres of human enterprise, there are frequently periods when even the expert seems unable to form an opinion regarding the future course of events, when the view, if obscured by a haze, does not permit of more than speculation as to what may lie beyond. At such times the markets are likely to resemble a ship groping its way through fog with the sailors endeavoring to tell by every slight sign whether the road is clear. The present time may be said to be such a period of uncertainty. It is impossible to attempt any analysis of the future. Even the events that happen from day to day fail to enlighten the searcher. If at such a time speculation takes a cautious attitude and the markets are permitted to go their natural way slowly, carefully and undisturbed by untimely speculative fever, there is good ground for the belief that everything may turn out well in the end. If, on the other hand, careless and easy optimism is permitted to gain the upper hand and cause rampant speculation to complicate the situation still further, only the worst can be expected. Of all times this is not the moment to make any haphazard investments. Stocks should be scrutinized to see whether the companies will be able to continue the dividends which have been recently increased. Bonds should be considered with especial regard to the question as to how far they are more than notes on collateral security. Short term notes should be investigated as to the priority they may or may not have over other debts of the

companies issue in them. In short, every caution and every care should be exercised by the investor to assure himself of the soundness of the securities he contemplates buying. There are undoubtedly many first-class bonds now to be had which will be able to weather any storm. There are many stocks which will always be able to pay their dividends. But there are some securities which at present prices, especially in view of their high dividend return, look very attractive, about the stability of which we know nothing. There are many of these, which a few years of hard times would reduce to such poverty as to prevent their paying any dividends at all. Simply because a stock pays a high rate of dividends now does not mean that it will always do so. In the late '80s many stocks paid high dividends that were assessed in reorganization ten years later. It is foolish to say that those things may not happen again. Insolvency means simply the inability to meet one's obligations. If the railroads continue to pile up debts at the rate which they have recently adopted they may find themselves unable to meet their obligations, should hard times fall on the country.

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The main troubles that beset the stock markets in many countries at the present time are intangible. There is at yet nothing the matter with prosperity anywhere. Business is going on everywhere at the same rate. Factories are crowded with orders, railroads are crowded with freight, shipping is active, banks are busy, mines

continue to give forth their wealth, and every field of industry is still teeming with activity. But there is, nevertheless, a lack of confidence in existing conditions. Fear that the years of plenty may be at an end, belief that a reaction is due, doubt as to the extent to which such a reaction may go, the ascendancy of the radical element in politics, timidity on the part of capital to take any new risks—all these things tend to undermine optimism. If continued, it can be easily conceived that this state of the financial mind might reflect on the body, and cause an actual contraction in business affairs.

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The only tangible evidence that such a contraction might occur is to be found in the difficulty to enlist capital in new enterprises, or even to extend aid to enterprises already in existence. This is expressed clearly by the continued high money rates. True, the Bank of England has reduced its rate to 5 per cent., and in the New York money market rates for time money are lower than they were early in the year, while call money rates have fallen to a more normal point. Nevertheless, these rates are only low by comparison with the very high rates which prevailed only a few weeks ago. When the great advancing movement of 1904 to 1905 took place, call money rates ruled at 1 to 2 per cent., while time money was plentiful at $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. That money rates will become stiffer a little later in the year there is no reason to doubt.

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The one factor on which, to a large extent, will depend the solution of the question, whether nothing more than a slight business reaction or a decided depression will set in, is as yet an unknown quantity. The crops will, to a dominant extent, determine the financial future. With even fair crops the country will be assured of another year of well-being. The fall-sown crops have had to pass a severe winter, and

only the coming spring can show whether or not they have been damaged to any extent. The view that the crops will play an important part in the developments of the year is so generally held that to it may be attributed a considerable share in the prevailing feeling of uncertainty regarding the future of business and financial affairs.

* * *

The severe winter has played havoc with commerce at many points, and has caused heavy losses to the railroads. In the Northwest especially the roads have suffered a heavy shrinkage in gross earnings, as well as in net returns; but in the East also losses have been sustained. Shippers also have suffered through failure of delivering goods in time for the demands of the retailers, while the latter have in turn failed to make profits, simply because their goods failed to arrive. So far the result of the abnormally severe cold and snow has shown only in the returns of earnings made by the railroad companies. It remains to be seen how far the losses to shippers and retailers shall have impaired their capital and purchasing power.

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In the January number I called attention to the fact that \$300,000,000 of new capital had already been spoken for by various corporations for the first part of the current year. That prediction has been nearly made good already. The total amount of stock, bond and note issues announced since the beginning of the year exceeds \$250,000,000, and a number of railroads that are badly in need of money are still to be heard from. Prominent among these are the Erie and the Missouri Pacific. It is probable that the only reason why these companies have so far failed to borrow new capital is because they are not enjoying sufficient credit to enable them to secure at reasonable terms any large sums of money such as they appear to be in need of. That the demands of the big industrial and railroad companies for

new capital have been satisfied by these issues of new securities is not certain. But that the demands for such purposes will be on a smaller scale during the balance of the year may be reasonably expected.

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Recent declines in the stock market have caused a more conservative view to be taken of the future chances and possibilities of a number of important railroad systems. The optimistic views entertained concerning the Southern Railway, for instance, have been sadly shaken. It has been made clear that the reorganizations of ten years ago, for which certain financiers were inclined to take a great deal of credit, were by no means as thorough and on as conservative a basis as they should have been. The revelations regarding the efficiency, earning power and general condition of the Southern Railway are in striking contrast with the claims advanced on behalf of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and his co-voting trustees when they asked for an extension of the voting trust of Southern Railway common some years ago on the ground that they had managed the affairs of the company so well that they were entitled to an extension of the trust in order to demonstrate further their ability to lift that property to a high plane as an operating railroad and an investment proposition.

* * *

The hopes of Wall street are now centered largely on the enactment of what is known as the Aldrich bill, by which Congress is expected to amend the banking laws so as to encourage the taking out of a larger note circulation by the national banks. This legislation is not certain of success, mainly because there are many who believe that it represents merely a makeshift, and it is well known that makeshift legislation generally turns out unsatisfactorily when it is tried

in practice. The other factor which causes the financial district to feel somewhat more optimistic is that New York is now in a position to withdraw gold from London in volume. The rate of exchange is so low as to make such an exchange operation profitable. The only fear is that the Bank of England might retaliate by raising its rate of discount again. The Bank of England is at present in possession of a large reserve, and could well afford to let New York have such gold as may arrive from time to time from South Africa and other gold-producing countries that ship to London and sell the gold in the open market. A small amount of gold has thus been already engaged at this writing, but it remains to be seen how far the Bank of England will permit the exports to proceed.

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Financial circles have indulged recently in some hysterics over the attitude displayed by the President toward corporations. While I have no patience with the dictum by the head of the government to the effect that there are good corporations and bad corporations, and that he has nothing against the former, I am equally unwilling to agree with the self-centred leaders of finance who fear the worst as a result of the governmental activity in enforcing the laws and calling into being such other laws as may be believed desirable to curb those particular evils of irresponsibility, most of them growing out of a lack of personal liability on the part of corporation managers. At least one year has elapsed since the activity of the government in the direction of corporation regulation became pronounced, and so far the results cannot be said to have been anything but beneficial to the public at large, and certainly not harmful to the corporations whom it was sought to regulate.

EDWARD STUART.



"Hit am pow'ful spooky, in de black bayou
Wif de sof' win' a-moanin' en de moon peekin' froo."